THE CONSTELLATION.

"VARIOUS, THAT THE MIND OF DESULTORY MAN, STUDIOUS OF CHANGE AND PLEASED WITH NOVELTY, MAY BE INDULGED."

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THE CONSTELLATION.

NOTES OF A BOOKWORM.

NUMBER XIX.

DUKE OF SOMERSET.—He was of a middle stature, finely formed, of a dark complexion; he loved music and poetry; had judgment, but a hesitation in speech made him appear wanting in expression. He was noble in his sentiments, magnificent in living, a generous enemy and a firm friend. His foible was an unbounded pride, which carried him to very indecent lengths. The first peer in the realm (Norfolk) being a Catholic, the Duke took precedency on all great occasions. He seemed little less in his conduct than if vested with regal honors. His servants obeyed by signs. The country roads were cleared, that he might pass without obstruction or observation. His second Duchess once familiarly tapped him on the shoulder with her fan, he turned round, and with an indignant sour countenance said, "My first duchess was a Percy, and she never took such a liberty." His children obeyed his mandates with profound respect. The two youngest daughters had used to stand and watch, alternately, whilst he slept in the afternoon; Lady Charlotte, being tired one day, sat down. The duke waked, and displeased, declared he would make her remember her want of decorum. By his will he left her £20,000 less than her sister.—*Noble's Contin. Granger.*

CARDS.—They were always made of paper, and seem to have been invented about the year 1390, to divert Charles VI. of France, who had fallen into a melancholy disposition.

One *Jaquemin Gringonneur*, a painter in Paris, appears to have been the inventor, from the following article, in the treasurer's account: "Paid fifty-six shillings of Paris, to Jaquemin Gringonneur, the painter, for three packs of cards, gilded with gold, and painted with divers colors and divers devices, to be carried to the king for his amusement," &c.—a great price in those times; but their gilding and painting required much art.

The four suits were meant to represent the four classes of men in the kingdom. The hearts denoted the ecclesiastics. The nobility or prime military part of the kingdom were represented by points of lances, or the spades. Diamonds designed the order of merchants or tradesmen; while the trefoil-leaf or clubs alluded to the husbandmen and peasants. The four kings represented David, Alexander, Cæsar, and Charles, which names were on the French cards formerly; these names exhibit the four celebrated monarchies of the Jews, Greeks, Romans, and Franks. By the queens are represented Argine (anagram for Regina), Esther, Judith, and Pallas; typical of birth, piety, fortitude and wisdom. By the knaves were designed servants to knights, or the knights themselves.

The first certain notice of their having been known in England, occurs in a record in the time of Edward IV. on an application of the card-makers to parliament, A.D. 1443, when an act was passed against the importation of playing-cards. From this statute it appears, that card-playing and card-making were known and practised in England before this period, or about fifty years after the era of their supposed invention.

Mr. Gough observes, the use of cards among the Chinese is evident, not only from a Chinese painting representing their playing with something much like cards, but also from a pack of Chinese cards in his possession, made of the same materials as the European, but the devices are very different.—*Rouse's "Doctrine of Chances."*

THE IRON CROWN OF LOMBARDY.—The cathedral of Monza, a town about eight miles north of Milan, where Charlemagne was crowned king of Italy, is a gothic edifice, has a handsome façade, and a curious clock. Its treasury was formerly very rich, and still boasts the celebrated *iron crown* used by the ancient Lombard kings, and by Napoleon when created king of Italy. This *crown* is composed chiefly of precious stones, but is called *iron* on account of a small ring in it of that metal, said to have been made from some of the nails used at the Crucifixion.—*Coxe's "Picture of Italy."*

INGENIOUS PAINTERS.—When Apelles drew the portrait of Antigonus, who had lost an eye, he judiciously took his face in profile, that he might soften the blemish.

Not less was the caution of Vandyck, for when the countess dowager of Exeter, who had no eye-brows, sat to him for her portrait, to conform to a vicious taste, that would have been miserable to have seen the *status rei*, he painted a gauze veil over the forehead of her picture, the hem of which concealed what was termed the defect of nature.—*Notes to Zimmerman.*

CARDINAL MAZARINE.—Dictating a letter to his secretary one day, the latter, overcome with incessant labor, fell asleep, while the Cardinal continued dictating as he paced up and down his study. When he had come to the conclusion, he turned towards his secretary, saying "End as usual." He then perceived that the first lines of the letter only were written. The Cardinal was very partial to the Secretary, and treated him as a father. To awake him, he gave him a slight box on the ear; when the secretary, in a fury, returned the blow. The Cardinal, without showing the least emotion, said coolly, "Now, sir, as we are both awake, let us proceed with our letter."

PERSONAL VANITY OF QUEEN ELIZABETH.—At this date (1584) Elizabeth, never engaging, was 51 years old; but nothing can place her personal vanity in a more ridiculous light than the following extract from the Registers of the Privy Council, dated 30th July, 1596, when she was 12 years older, and when her ministers, for the second time, were called upon gravely to interpose their authority to put an end to the distribution of unfavorable likenesses of the Queen, offensive to her self-conceit. "30 July, 1596.—A warrant to her Majesties Sergeant Painter, and to all publicke officers, to yielde him their assistance touching the abuse committed by divers unskilful artisans, in unseemly and improperly paintinge, gravinge, and printinge of her Majesties person and vysage, to her Majesties great offence, and disgrace of that beautyful and magnanimous majesty wherewith God hath blessed her. Requiring them to cause all suche to be defaced, and none to be allowed. but such as her Majesties Sergeant Paynter shall first have sight of. The mynute remaining in the Council Chest."—*Collier's Hist. of Dram. Eng. Poetry.*

PETRARCH AND LAURA.—The love of Petrarch and Laura has become one of the most familiar chapters in the history of the tender passion. It has passed current for centuries as a beautiful tale of fond and faithful love, ardent without grossness, earnest without impatience, and constant even without hope. It is only of late that the prying, doubting spirit of modern times has questioned the authenticity of this the most sacred of all the legends of love. Laura certainly was a real character. We are acquainted even with her family history. She was the daughter of Audibert de Noves, and the wife of Hugues de Sade, both of Avignon. We know the very spot, and the very day on which Petrarch first met her. His passion remained constant, at least on paper, for twenty years, during which time he seemed never weary of celebrating her beauty and his love. He wrote within that period near three hundred sonnets; and if his writings are sufficient proof of the strength and purity of his affection, both must have been great indeed, when the good fortune of only finding his lady's glove could afford inspiration for three or four poems. We, however, judging from internal evidence alone, must doubt whether this passion, so fondly cherished, so plaintively sung, so widely celebrated, was ever deeply felt. He admired Laura probably, and chose her as a fitting theme and inspiration for amatory poetry, in the same way that a Greek would invoke a muse or a nymph to smile upon his labours; but we do not believe that he ever loved her. That sorrow could not have been very deep which exhaled for twenty years, without increase or diminution, in

"The windy suspiration of forced sighs;"

nor that desire very strong which fed for the same period on useless tears and monotonous complaints. If Petrarch ever was in love with any thing, it was with old manuscripts and classic authors; and he was much more zealous in their service than he ever was in Laura's. His poems, too, are not those of a true lover—one whose thoughts lie too deep for words—whose strong, struggling desires burn and ravage in silence within; and whose words when they do break forth, "stand not upon the order of their going;" do not wait, like Petrarch's, to be marshalled into ranks, and drest in uniform. There is too much fancy to leave room for any feeling. A mind wholly engrossed by one image cannot turn aside as his does, to cull prettinesses of speech, or manufacture refinements of setiment. A man who feels the passiod within, like a vulture gnawing his vitals, is not thus anxious to "writhe with grace and groan in melody."

VISIT TO ALTRIVE AND ABBOTSFORD,

BY ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

Though the mark and aim of our journey was Abbotsford and Chiefswood, we had promised ourselves pleasure by the way; and accordingly, on moving along, we looked out for Altrive Lake, the abode of the "far kenned and noted" Shepherd of Ettrick. Now, in this land, the population is thin—there are no mile-stones, and what is better, no toll-bars, and what is sorrowful, no houses of refreshment; and moreover to a citizen of "credit and renown," the whole value, with all it associations of verse and prose, may seem naughty and barren. But to him who knows how to seek such things, there is milk and honey, and trout and lamb, and as much information old and new, as would fill a hundred pages of a traveller's volume. Any maiden whom ye may chance to meet, will, with small entreaty, supply you with milk if you ask for water; and any shepherd will give you information on any subject reaching from the present year to the days of Robert Bruce. We had arrived at that part of the valley where the growing corn and natural grass meet, when we enquired of a boy where Altrive was, and if Hogg was at home? "Yon house is Altrive," said the boy, "and yon man fishing is Mr. Hogg; cry and he'll hear you." We lifted up our voice, but the murmuring of the stream drowned it; and as we advanced upon him, 'bout ship went the Shepherd, and with a heavy creel of trouts, began to wend his way home; at length he heard us, and marvelling no doubt, what manner of people we were, came slowly to meet us. Now we were known to the poet of old; he had heard, too, that we were in these parts; so he began to quicken his pace, and before we met, his whole face was radiant with joy—dilated with gladness. "God man! but I'm glad to see you!" was the first exclamation, followed by a hearty, vigorous shake of both hands, after the manner of the Great Ministrel of Abbotsford. "You must come and dine with me, you and all your following; na, nae murmuring man—I am omnipotent here, and can command you. I have two friends also who will be glad to meet you; besides you must taste our Yarrow cheer, our mutton, our trout, and our whiskey.

The house of the poet is a lonely one, and not very large; nor is the land very fertile around; but to make amends for all this, the fine water of Yarrow is some bow-shot distance—a burn well stored with trout runs past the very door—and, better than all the wife of the poet, a prudent and clever lady, keeps the whole in good order, and presides over the indoor economy of the dwelling-place in a way worthy of more worldly prosperity. We had a pleasant chat about things by-gone—how we met of old on Queensbury Hill, with the Lay of the Last Minstrel, and a bottle of Farintosh for our companions—how we lingered at Thornhill fair till the morning star shone—and how we discoursed in old Dumfries on the merits of all poets living and dead. During all this we made use of our eyes, and looked at the Shepherd's library, a small but valuable collection; at his pictures on the walls, among which we remarked a clever portrait of one of his children—a likeness of a fine collie—and two of Martin's exquisite engravings, one of the fall of Nineveh.

The Scottish games of Inverleithen were talked of, where wrestling, pitching the bar, throwing the sledge hammer, and archery, are practised in the presence of the noblemen and gentlemen of the district, and in which the Shepherd himself takes the leading part. He invited us anxiously to these sports, held on the 2d of August—showed us certain silver buttons, with suitable devices, sent to him by a Scottish nobleman, to be worn on that day; and, finally, producing a good yew bow six feet long, dared us to attempt to string it.

Now in a vain moment, we had said something of our skill with this old weapon, and the Poet, who sorely misdoubted us, had a roguish twinkle in his eye, as we handled the bow in such sort as bow was never handled before; we nevertheless lodged the string, and our entertainer spared us farther proof of our skill. The dinner was excellent—broth of the best, trout, lamb, and haggis; and when these reliques were removed, the Shepherd set on the table a massive punch bowl of solid silver, the gift of Mr. Franks; and with no little knowledge he mixed the whiskey and the sugar and water. As this pleasing tipple went round, we said "what is your pen about now Mr. Hogg?"—"Pen!" said he, "it might as well be in the goose's wing; I cannot get writing any for the visits of my friends; I'm never a day without some." We looked at the two guests to whom he had formerly alluded; they looked at us, and we all perhaps felt that a man might be ruined by the visits of thoughtless friends. We tore ourselves reluctantly away from Altrive and its hospitable master and mistress, and pursued our way along the Yarrow.—The memory of our ancestor rose upon us as we passed Philiphaugh, where he fought and bled; and Janet and her elfin lover were present as we looked on Carterhaugh; we hastened through Selkirk, singing in a subdued tone of voice, 'Sutors a—sutors a,' and hurried on towards Abbotsford, with the hope of reaching, before bed-time, the abode of the greatest of all Scotland's spirits. But the candles, when we reached the gates, were burning bedward, for it was now ten at night, so we drove on to Melrose, and with the light of the moon surveyed the splendid ruins. Well has the poet sung—

> He that would view Melrose aright,
> Must visit it by the pale moon light;

and with equal beauty and accuracy has he called it the "ruin gray;" and observed that the flowers of the garden and the herds of the field around are carved on the fabric. In the burial ground we saw a small monument in memory of Thomas Purdie, woodforester at Abbotsford, erected by his affectionate master. We forgot the "dark Abbaye" as we looked at this honorable memorial.

On the morrow we made our way to Abbotsford, and were received with what Burns calls, in his emphatic language, "a soul-warm welcome." We had not seen Sir Walter for years, and the newspapers had hinted of ill-health—we found him hale and ruddy in the outward man, and in conversation all that we had ever known him. Indeed, out of a dozen times at least that we had had the honour of being in his company, we never found him so shrewd, so anecdotish, and so agreeably companionable. His foot, as he said of Rob Roy, was on his native heath, and we were his guests; yet to be pleasant cost him no effort, and his wit ran as readily as the waters of the Tweed. His hair is as white as the "Dinlay snow;" and we could not help involuntarily blessing him as he passed before us into his halls and libraries, to show us his fine collections of books, and armour, and weapons.

On the former, it is enough to say, that of the works of Scotchmen, he has perhaps the finest collections extant; volumes anent the Cameronians, and dark books on witchcraft and gamery abound. His armour and weapons merit a longer description—they are numerous and of great value. The fowling piece of Rob Roy, and the pistol of Claverhouse, both of rich workmanship, hang together; the sword of the great Montrose is carefully locked in a sort of relique-chest. There are the arms, too, of the warlike name of Scott; we neglected to inquire for the lance of the poet's ancestor, Swinton of Swinton, with which he slew the Duke of Clarence, in the battle of Beague; the wound inflicted by the Scottish lance is imitated on the cheek of the alabaster figure on the tomb of the Canterbury cathedral. We looked at those torture-irons, called the "thumbikins" in the history of the persecutions in Scotland; but the relique which struck us most was a plain piece of well tempered steel, being neither more or less than the head of an English arrow, found on the field of Bannockburn, several feet below the surface. It was small, compact, and fit for the working day; the barbs on the side lie closer than what is common, and the thickness of the shaft must have been little more than that of a tobacco pipe. We have often heard of English arrows, but we never saw one before; and we believe the one at Abbotsford is almost the only one.

As we were walking through the house, an open carriage came to the door, and the Baronet said, "If we wished to take a ride, he would be glad to accompany us, and show us what was most worthy of seeing in the land. It is needless to say with what joy we stepped into the carriage, but I will send you all particulars of our delightful excursions next week.—*Athenæum*

MISCELLANY.

FRANCIS I. RETURNING FROM CAPTIVITY.

Dart forth, like light, my Arab steed,
Leave far behind detested Spain;
From torturing doubt—from bondage freed,
I feel "I am a King again."[*]

Farewell my children!—had my heart
A place for aught but frenzied joys,
'Twere bitter thus with ye to part,
My own belov'd—my noble boys!

I go,—your blest return shall be
My guiding hope, my tenderest care;
Soon, soon shall France my children see,
The glory of their father share!

Forward my steed!—and, as we fly,
What crowding thoughts rush on my brain!
But oh! exulting memory,
"I am, I am a King again!"

When, "all but fame and honour lost,"[†]
I fell a captive to my foe;
In conquest—in ambition crost,
Consign'd to fetters and to woe;

My wand'ring soul has often flown
Across yon Bidassoa's bound;
Once more, attendant on my throne,
Glory, and joy, and love I found.

Dear Marguerite her magic lay
Waked there for me with witching voice;
And gentle Claude awhile was gay,
That happy Francis might rejoice.

My Queenly mother's brow of pride
Was calmly bent, that joyful hour,
On him who hailed her by his side
The honour'd partner of his power.

There Bayard, virtue's champion, met
His brothers 'midst that charmed ring,
And Bourbon, ere he dared forget
His fame, his country, and his King!

Once more fair forms and sparkling eyes
Were fair and bright for me alone;
For me to choose each willing prize;—
And lovely Françoise[‡] was my own!

Where is she now!—once o'er my sleep
A sad, a fearful vision came;
It told such vengeance dark and deep—
I dare not think—I may not name.

Oh, Françoise, may no adverse fate
Divide me ever more from thee!
My crime deserved thy husband's hate,—
But he, oh, he deserv'd not thee!

I come to dry those flowing tears—
To shield thee in this throbbing heart;
Away, away, my idle fears!
Was love like our's ordained to part!

Beloved France, again, again
Thy echoes shall my triumphs ring;
Hence, far from bondage and from Spain,
Thy Francis is once more a King!

Louisa Stuart Costello.

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[*] His exulting exclamation after crossing the river Andaye on his release and mounting his horse.

[†] "Tout est perdu hors l'honneur."

[‡] Françoise de Foix, Comtesse de Chateaubriant, beloved by Francis. She was murdered by her husband during Francis' detention in Spain. She married at twelve years of age; and at seventeen, Francis fell in love with her. Her husband doted on her, and died mad after having killed her. She was bled to death. Her fate was accelerated by the treachery of one of the Count's people.

ROYAL COURTESY.

We learn from the Brussels papers, that 'some civilities have passed between King William and King Leopold. The latter has returned some pictures belonging to the former, which had been left in Brussels. This called forth a polite message through the French legation, from the King of the Netherlands, to the effect, that he did not feel any sentiment of hatred or ill will towards Leopold, and that, if in the course of the diplomatic negotiations, the official papers of the Dutch ministry had sometimes spoken of the King of the Belgians as an enemy, this could not be considered in any manner as expressing the sentiments of William of Nassau towards Leopold of Saxe Coburg.'

This reminds us of our own amiable system of getting over these *political personalities* in which it is the custom to indulge so largely in our honourable Houses of Parliament. The King of Holland is prepared to prove—and even to do deadly battle on the issue—that the (alleged) 'King of Belgium' is no King at all, but

"A cut-purse of the empire and the rule,
That from the shelf the precious diadem stole,
And put it in his pocket——
A king of shreds and patches——"

And what not. But, on being 'called to order' by his own kingly courtesy, he begs it may be specially understood, that there is 'no offence in the world' intended by this; but (as Witty Will, the Fulham dragsman, replied, when somebody asked him if So-and-so of the same name, who was hanged that morning, was any relation of his)—'so far from it, quite the rewerse.' The King of the Netherlands' looks upon the individual who acts the King of Belgium,' as a person eminently worthy of being treated with fire and sword—not to mention every other engine, physical and moral, recognized in modern warfare. But William of Nassau regards Leopold of Saxe Coburg in a far different light; and is ready to extend the right hand of fellowship to him whenever circumstances may bring them together. This may be regarded as the triumph of the modern spirit of society. It is a decided advance on that instance in which Napoleon and Alexander felt themselves mutually safe on the raft at Tilsit.—*Court Jour.*

A ROYAL QUARREL.

The Elector of Hesse Cassel, has ensconced himself with the Countess of Reichenbach, for whose sake he has abandoned both the electoral sceptre and the seat of electoral empire, at a country house near Sachsenhausen, one of the suburbs of Frankfort. His consort the Electress, a sister of his Prussian Majesty, is, in the mean while, living in Cassel, at daggers drawn with her son, the Regent of Hesse Cassel, whose lady, now titular Countess of Schaumburg, she persists in refusing to recognize, visit, or receive. M. de Maltzahn, who was recently sent as pacificator, by the King of Prussia, was sent away with a pretty rough refusal of his intervention on both sides; and now we are informed, the electress' brother, Prince William of Prussia, is mustering courage to make his *debut* at Cassel as mediator in chief. The finesse of the *Corps Diplomatique* in that capital, is at it's wits' end; the representations of France and Russia, have elected for Madame de Schaumburg; the Austrian envoy is puzzled which side he should take, and therefore holds both parties at arm's length; Mr. Cartwright inclines to the Electress, but still appears anxious not to incur the frown and knit brow of Madame de S.; and the Prussian ambassador has turned his back on the affray, and taken French leave. It must be admitted that all this is very *warlike*; and it is high time that the five powers ordered a *conference* at Cassel, to prevent the peace of Europe from being endangered by so convulsed a state of electoral things.—*Court Jour.*

THE KNOWN TONGUE.

Languages are divided into the dead and the living;—the dead which live in classic writings and the living which exercise the vivacity of contemporary tongues. But of the latter there exists a variety of dialects—dead with respect to literature, but most actively alive with respect to the business of life;—ungraced by the quotations of Dr. Maginn or the translations of Dr. Bowring, yet indispensable to the dunce and scholar, fox and goose.

First among these in importance to His Majesty's lieges, comes 'Parliamentary language;' a dialect as essentially different from the King's English as Romaic from Greek. It is well known that in the language termed parliamentary, every vagabond or blockhead, when senatorially qualified, becomes 'My honorable friend,' or 'the honourable Member for Grumblesmouth,' or 'the honorable gentleman to my right.' The insults inflicted by means of this peculiar dialect appear to be as arbitrary, as its courtesies are gratuitous. In parliamentary language, you may accuse a man of wilful misrepresentation, without calling him a liar;—of base and interested motives, without calling him a rogue;—of appropriation of public property, without denouncing him as a felon. You may in short, attack his moral character without hesitation, whether in its weakest or strongest point. In waging war against the honorable gentleman's understanding, some little punctilio must be observed. In assuring him that he does not know white from black, you must 'speak under correction;'—in affirming that the honorable gentleman's line of argument tends strongly to prove his belief that the moon is made of green cheese, you must deprecate 'all intention of personal allusion.' You address your insolence to the public man, not to the individual. Should you be attacked in return, and opprobriated (in parliamentary language) as knave or fool, you have a right to be satisfied with the slightest apology offered, in parliamentary language. If 'no offence was purposed,' none can be taken; and it is your business (in parliamentary language) to express yourself 'content' with the honorable gentleman's candid and satisfactory explanation.'

In the second place may be ranked the dialect known by the name of 'Slang,' more peculiarly appertaining to that 'numerous and influential body (*par. lan.*) the pickpockets, burglars, hackney coachmen, bruisers, and other moral outlaws of 'this extensive metropolis;' but occasionally cultivated by fashionable novelists, dandies—the Shakspeares of the minor theatres—and the Gibbons of the police-offices. Authors who wish to reach the echoes of fame through the mouth-piece of Messss. Wrench, Yates, and Salter, or who delight in favoring the public with details of the loss and recovery of six pounds of bacon, stolen from a chandler's in Tottenham-court-road, with all that was said by that queer cove, Paddy Maloney, and his pal, Judy Flanigan, during the affray, find it necessary to perfect themselves in this curious and most fertile of the known tongues; and much time and patience are bestowed on a similar line of study, by certain second-rate dandies of the West End, who are compelled to use a double portion of lip salve during the rehearsal of their lesson. These ingenious youths conceive it as essential to their vocation to talk slang, as to keep a bull dog or rat-terrier, drink whiskey-punch, and smoke cigars.

The language of the journalist is another of the Corinthian dialects. No one ever hears of 'a son and heir,' except in the newspapers. 'Thunders of applause'—'fatal catastrophe'—'high life'—select circle'—'delicacies of the season'—'fantastic toe'—are terms peculiar to the columns of the daily papers.

But, above all these, is a species of lingo, which for want of a better definition, we will term the Cant Conventional. In order to avoid dwelling too largely on a subject chiefly interesting to fashionable philologists, we shall produce a single pet phrase as a specimen of the jargon—'PLAYING THE FOOL!' It is miraculous to how vast a variety of offences, real and imaginary—moral and physical—positive and superlative, this figure of speech may be applied. Does a man lose his fortune at play, leaving his wife and children beggars!—'Lord ——— has been *playing the fool* at Crockford's.' Or when a woman elopes from her husband, spreading disgrace and misery through a numerous family:—'Lady ——— has been *playing the fool* with Sir Harry.' An angry author prints a letter to his reviewer:—'——— seems to be *playing the fool* with his own reputation.' A theatrical manager has a quarrel with a popular performer, and strikes his name off the rolls:—'——— has been *playing the fool* with the best horse in his team.'

Ministers *play the fool* with the country when they propose new taxes by way of tubs to amuse the great whales of the opposition; Kings *play the fool* with Ministers when they saddle them with an obnoxious measure too weighty for their shoulders. Charles X *played the fool* by issuing his *ordonnances*; the Pope by prohibiting masks and sugar plums at the carnival. Coates *played the fool* when he played Romeo; Miss ——— *plays the fool* when she plays Lady Macbeth. They *played the fool* when they laid the foundation of Pimlico Palace and the Thames Tunnel; when they put a roof to the Brunswick theatre and the Treasury Chambers. But, lest we should *play the fool* with our cause, by rendering it tedious, we refrain from the million-and-one examples which hang upon our pen.—*Lond. pap.*

COMPLIMENT TO THE DUCHESS OF NORTHUMBERLAND.—The Court Journal contains a description of an elegant tribute to her Grace by the ladies of Ireland, from which we take the following:—

"It is scarcely necessary to recall to mind the respect and regard commanded by the amiable Duchess of Northumberland, during the viceroyalty of her husband:—the courtesy by which she managed to conciliate the good will of the higher classes, of whatever party—and the unbounded charity by which she secured the gratitude and affection of the people over whom she was called to preside,—are fresh in public recollection. On the departure of the Duke, those ladies who had been either favored with her Grace's friendship, or had occasion to note the benefits conferred by her patronage on the institutions and manufactures of their native country, entered into a voluntary subscription, with a view to the purchase of some token of regard by which, in after years, she might be reminded of the period spent to so much good purpose in the Irish metropolis. Such a tribute could not but command a high value, even among the costly embellishments of Northumberland House.

The selection of this object, for the purchase of which several hundred pounds were subscribed, was fortunately referred to the elegant taste of the Duchess of Leinster; and a vase, or rather *patera* of Irish Crystal, mounted in the most exquisite and splendid manner, in a frame work of chased gold, was yesterday presented by her Grace, in the name of the ladies of Ireland, to the Duchess of Northumberland. On the pedestal of the vase is the simple but expressive inscription of 'HIBERNIA GRATA.'

The original design of this magnificent object of art was taken from a vase of Benvenuto Cellini; modified by the assistance of the Duchess of Leinster and her sister, Lady Caroline Stanhope, so as to become exclusively appropriate to the occasion. The chalice, which is of the purest rock crystal set with the native gems of Ireland—pearls, diamonds, amethysts, and beryls—is supported on a pedestal formed by the head of an elk (copied from an unique specimen in the Dublin Museum) the antlers of which are curiously chased in gold. At the head of the chalice, which is of an oval form, is a figure in virgin silver, representing the Genius of Ireland seated in a triumphal car; and at the other extremity, resting on a trophy formed by the ancient Irish toga, sword and shield—also designed by the Duchess after the originals in the Dublin museum—is an exquisite representation of the Irish stag hound, said to be the only dog capable of contending with so powerful an animal as the elk. These national emblems are interspersed with bunches of shamrock; and on the golden shield which forms the back of the car, are inscribed the coronet and initials of the Duchess of Northumberland, adorned by a bouquet of Forget-me-not, in precious stones. Over the car hangs a pear-shaped pearl of great beauty; at the foot is a very fine beryl; and the eyes of the silver dolphins grouped at the base are formed of opal. Surrounding the head of the elk, on the pedestal of the chalice, are two wolf-dogs, of the celebrated Irish race, modelled with unequalled grace and spirit.

This important specimen of the progress of Irish art, and testimony of the urbanity called forth by kindly dealing in Irish hearts, has been executed by a native artist of the name of Percy—in the employ of Alderman West, the eminent goldsmith; which gentleman, in his anxiety to put forth a work worthy of his country and its benefactress, has at his own expense, greatly exceeded the sum subscribed. We are gratified to learn that Storr and Mortimer (the most capable judges of works of such a description) bestow an unqualified and very liberal testimony of admiration on the execution of this truly national production; and for our own parts, we confess our belief, that in elegance of design, and delicacy of workmanship, it could not have been exceeded in ancient Florence or modern London.

CHOLERA, AND RUMOURED POISONING AT PARIS.

A Havre paper, under date of Paris, Ap. 5th, contains the following:—

The official bulletin of *Cholera* from the 3d at 4 o'clock in the afternoon until midday yesterday, the 4th of April, states the number of deaths at 107, of which 63 are men, and 44 women, and the whole number of new cases 327, of which 27 are soldiers of the garrison.—*Paris, Ap. 5th.*

This list only containing the new cases which have appeared in the last twenty hours, indicates a daily increase in the number of persons attacked, from which it is presumed that the epidemic has not yet reached its height. However, those physicians who have become well acquainted with the disorder, have observed that in general the symptoms are less alarming than during the first week it made its appearance. Many persons attacked, to whom medical aid was administered in time, will, there is almost a certainty, recover.

The people of Paris, whose minds are pre-occupied with ideas of poison, direct their attacks with as little moderation as the cholera. Yesterday and to-day a bewildered populace, frightened by the disclosures of the Prefect of Police,—which denounced to the public a band of poisoners,—assassinated in the street Saint Dennis, at the market at Vangerard and near the *Hotel de Ville*, five individuals suspected of having mixed poisonous substances with the wine of the tavern-keepers; others only escaped from the exasperation of the people, through the protection of an armed force, which however was not everywhere successful in saving the victims of this stupid belief that it was possible to poison water in wells and fountains. The call on the National Guard under circumstances where the maintenance of public tranquility is important to every citizen, did not bring out one tenth of that body to their different places of assembling. The troops of the numerous garrisons of Paris were almost alone employed, to suppress the internal feverish agitation in the capital, which does such injury to commerce.

4 *o'clock, P. M.*—The great elevation of the temperature has changed a little the external character of the epidemic. Those attacked become less cold and purple, and heat is restored to them with more facility; but a tendency to typhus is more perceptible in some. The tongue, the dry and red lips, a slight delirium, evince an alteration in the symptoms hitherto observed and renders necessary a change in the mode of treating the disorder.

Three students of medicine, one an out-door one of the Hotel Dieu, were taken ill the day before yesterday. Two died, the third, M. Cherge, of Marseilles, it is hoped will be saved.

M. Guineau de Masey, who, it was believed, was convalescent when on the point of leaving the hospital, had a relapse and his life is now despaired of.

This day the attacks on persons suspected of poisoning have not been renewed, and Paris has been more tranquil. The police has as yet discovered nothing which has given cause to suspect that there is any ground for believing that there have been actual cases of poisoning, but they are on the track of the intrigues which have been set on foot, to make people believe in attempts of this nature.

The incredulity as to the existence of Cholera, is not yet overcome. This circumstance is the cause that a number of sick are not carried to the hospitals except when at the last extremity, and when all the efforts of art are useless. The news from the departments do not this day bring accounts of any well authenticated cases of Cholera, except at Calais, where it appears, the disorder shows itself in spite of the quarantine regulations—while it continues unknown at Havre, Dieppe, and other seaports, where a free intercourse with England has been permitted.

Placards have been this morning posted up in all parts of Paris, stating that there has not been any cases of poison whatever, and that all the substances submitted to the examination of the most expert chemists, which were seized on the persons of individuals suspected of poisoning, do not contain any poisonous matter. Certificates from Messrs. Orfila, Baruel, Besveux, and Julia de Fontanelle, members of the Sanitary Commission of the Medical School, are given, which attest that the substances submitted to them, contained no poison whatever. However, such is the irritation of the public mind at Paris, that these proofs are not considered sufficient. They accuse the physicians themselves of poisoning the people, and it is therefore not to be wondered at that they do not give credit to the physicians, when they assure them that there have been no cases of poisoning. This state of things is the more unfortunate as the lower classes continue to drink to excess and are thus more liable to become victims of the Cholera. They are impressed with the idea that the Cholera has never existed, and it will be very difficult to make them sensible of their error. Some fresh occurrences have just come to our knowledge, which show to what extent the exasperation of the populace is carried. This morning an individual having been surprised in a crowd, stealing a five franc piece from the pocket of a person standing near him, cries of "down him! Poison!" were immediately heard; the unfortunate man was knocked down, a bull dog set upon him which tore his breast, and at last he was carried from the place de Greve where the affair happened, to the bridge of Arcole and thrown into the river.

At the barrier of Sevres, an individual was seized by the crowd, suspected of having thrown poison into the tanks of a wine merchant, he was knocked down, his legs tied with a cord and dragged to the neighboring guard house.

This morning collections of people are forming in the place *De Greve*, *Porte St. Antoine*, place *Du Chatelet*, and among the quays. Some individuals are seen armed with clubs, who say, "We will go through all Paris to search for poisoners." However, the popular fury does not seem to menace public order, because all reasonable people use the utmost exertion to enlighten those who have allowed themselves to be thus led away.

REFORM IN THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND.

(*From Bell's Messenger.*)—As the Archbishop of Canterbury's Bill has now passed the Lords, and is about to enter into the Commons, it becomes a matter of much interest to consider how it effects its professed object,—that of reforming the state of the parochial clergy, and of preventing for the future the two great evils of the church,—the pluralities, and the non-residence of the country clergy. It is obvious that the former must necessarily lead to the latter, and is, in fact, the cause of it; for whilst clergymen are allowed to hold two or more livings, their non-residence on all but one necessarily follows.

It must be wholly needless to explain, that the non-residence of the clergy is no less a great public evil than a violation of a sacred and paramount duty on the party who is guilty of it. As a merely public institution, the very excellence of our Church establishment consists in the circumstance, that, under the system of the Established Church, each of the ten thousand parishes of England has a rector or vicar; that is, a resident gentleman, who, by his very condition, is a man of education and good manners, and who, by his very office, is bound to instruct his parishioners by public weekly lectures and preaching in their religious and moral duties. Under this system, therefore, every two miles square throughout the kingdom ought to have a resident gentleman, whose personal example, as well as whose public teaching, forms, as it were, a nucleus of civilization around him; thus becoming an example of the decencies and humanities of life, as well as a perpetual exhorter to their higher duties. But how imperfectly are these benefits rendered to parishes where the vicar or rector is non-resident! However exemplary and diligent may be the curate, he has evidently neither the condition of life, the personal weight, nor the same means of access and general reception with his principal. He cannot mix in the same intercourse of life—he cannot have the same weight as a mediator between the poor and the rich; his example, be it what it may, cannot have the same influence on the score of station and authority. Add to this the further obvious considerations, that inasmuch as the curate has not the same near relation with the parish, and is not so strongly bound to his pastoral diligence by his obligations to the parishioners, it is not to be expected that the curate should exert the same zeal and diligence with the rector or vicar. In few words, the curate and rector are necessarily not the same equal associates of the rich, nor equal authoritative advisers and teachers of the poor,—the curates cannot afford the same degree of charity, nor mediate with the same effect between the different classes of their parishioners,—they cannot keep the same house, nor afford the same personal and family example. They cannot support schools, nor re-distribute by their dealings, in their parish or neighbourhood, what they receive in tithe and income.

It is, therefore, a manifest public necessity, that this great evil of the non-residence of the clergy should at length attract the attention of the Government, and that some remedy should be applied to an offence, no less productive of so much public mischief, than injurious to the cause of religion itself. Let us, therefore, see what is proposed by the bill of the Archbishop of Canterbury.

This Bill contains two main enactments. By the first of these, if a clergyman have already one living and it be proposed to nominate him to a second,—if the amount of the incomes of such two livings shall fall short of four hundred pounds, the clergyman, on receiving a dispensation from the Bishop, shall be allowed to hold both livings. But if the amount of the two livings shall together exceed four hundred a year, he shall then be allowed to hold them by dispensation from the *Archbishop* only.

As regards this enactment, one conclusion must be obvious to every one. It is perfectly evident, that the amount of the income of two livings must in all cases either fall short of four hundred pounds per year or exceed it, and therefore, that under the above enactment the clergy are in all cases allowed to hold two livings. If this be a reform of the Church, and the proposed cure for the two acknowledged evils of pluralities and non-residence, we must fairly acknowledge that we must take leave of our common sense before we can congratulate our readers upon any expected fruits from this Bill. To us it appears to effect absolutely nothing; and if it had proceeded from any other person than the Archbishop of Canterbury, we should not have hesitated to characterise it as a measure having no other purpose than public delusion.

The second enactment of the Bill is one still more objectionable, inasmuch as it is at once invidious and partial. Under this enactment, the above restraint upon holding two livings, such as it is; namely, that the two livings shall be within thirty miles of each other, is not to extend to Bishops and Deans, who are still to be allowed to hold livings in conjunction with their sees and deaneries, at whatever distance such livings may be from each other. Invidiousness and partiality, in this enactment, is so obvious on the face of it, as to require no further comment from us. Once for all, we must be allowed to say, this is not the way in which the Church must be reformed. This is not the way in which the Bishops must meet the present rising clamour against the misconduct of the clergy. It is impossible to live in the country without becoming personally acquainted with the sad and grievous effects of the non-residence of the clergy; with the scandal which it causes to the Church generally, and with the impediments which it thus throws in the way of the religious instruction and effectual exhortation in country parishes. In almost all parts of the country there is a general outcry against a system which gives the tithes to one man and the labour to another; which suffers the rector to take the full income of his parish, and wholly to neglect his duty. In plain words, this is the evil which requires remedy, and some remedy must be applied.

We can see no reason whatever, why it should not become a law, that the rector or vicar should not be compelled to reside upon all livings exceeding one hundred and fifty pounds a year, and that no clergyman should be allowed to hold two livings in any case where one of them exceeded two hundred a year. When the income of a deanery or prebend, (which they are allowed to retain) should exceed five hundred pounds a year, no dean or prebendary should be permitted to hold any living in conjunction with his deanery or prebendary, and where he held any living, should be compelled to reside and to do the duty. Where any livings fell short of 80*l.* or 100*l.* a year (of which there are too many in Norfolk and the diocese of Chester) the patron should be allowed to present to no one, unless upon the express condition of the incumbent doing his own duty; and no clergyman should be allowed to hold more than two such livings, as he could perform the duty of two only. Enactments like these would meet the present crying evil, and nothing less will satisfy the public.

THE MARRIAGE AGAINST CONSENT.

From the Atlas

In the last received number of one of our London Magazines, we have a story of considerable length, exhibiting the disagreement of opinion between Mrs. St. Leger and her son Leslie, on the question of his matrimonial alliance. Its introduction is tiresome. The mother was urgent that the son should make choice of one of her favourites, recommended by their wealth or family connexions, and, as Leslie thought, by these alone; while the latter had the very reasonable wish (as it appears to us) to please himself—having both wealth and rank enough in his own proper right. Mrs. St. L. especially favoured a Miss Jernyngham, while her son, without her knowledge, had fixed his affections on a Miss Fielding, and one day sought out his mother to ask her consent to his match with the object of his choice. The story proceeds:

Poor Mrs. St. Leger! Had he asked her consent to cut his throat, she could not have looked more aghast or felt more heart-stricken, than she did. Leslie kept his eyes fixed as attentively on that part of the carpet immediately under them, as though he had been taking an inventory of the stitches or forming a synopsis of the colours. The "Morning Post" dropped from Mrs. St. Leger's little, aristocratic, thin white hand, which seemed within the last minute to have grown thinner and whiter. She leaned, or rather sank back, in her *berger*—she looked at her son for some seconds with as much intensity of despair, as though the grave, or the perdition beyond it, had yawned before him. At length a pale smile cast a faint gleam over her countenance, which had been actually palsied with horror, and she said, "Oh, no, no! Surely, Leslie, I might have known you were jesting."

Long and bitter was the scene which ensued. Leslie defended and eulogised Florence Fielding with all the eloquence of a lover. Mrs St Leger warned him, and inveighed against her with all that sophistry of parental devotion which convinces itself the more that it fails in convincing others—that the happiness of her child alone actuated her—that she was totally unbiassed by any other or more wordly motive—she even went so far as to say (what parents generally do on such occasions) that it was not money, it was not rank, she wished for her son—it was only happiness; and even had he preferred any one more portionless, and less well born than Miss Fielding—provided she had been in herself amiable and likely to make him happy—she would have willingly consented; but the daughter of such a woman! brought up as she had been! what could he expect? In vain Leslie pleaded that Florence's mother had never liked her, and that on no one subject had they an opinion in common; in vain he brought innumerable instances to prove how much affection for the individual influences our adoption of the individual's opinions—how almost impossible it is for us to think those wrong in any thing who are never wrong to us—and how nearly equally impossible it is to think those right in any thing who are never just or kind towards ourselves: thus it is that affection ever makes the very failings, and even vices, of those we love a haven to run into, while dislike to the object make us light up the very same vices as a beacon to be shunned: in vain Leslie told of the many good traits he had noticed in Florence's character—in vain he urged his mother to know before she condemned her. As for her good qualities, Mrs. St. Leger was convinced they only existed in his imagination—and as for knowing her, he was quite a sufficient proof of her art, without another member of his family being subjected to it. She was *convinced*, too, that she did not care one straw for him: for in her was that strange anomaly (that exists in most parents' minds) which, while it made her think her son more loveable, more amiable, more beautiful, more clever, and more attractive than any one else ever was, or ever will be, would not allow her to believe that any body *could* love, admire, or appreciate him but herself. Her pet scheme about him and Miss Jernyngham was at an end, for that morning's paper had announced her marriage with Sir George Erpingham; so Mrs. St Leger was fain to close this painful conference with a sigh and a hope, that "her dear Leslie" to whom she had always given credit for sense beyond his years, would take some time to consider before he sealed his misery for life, by marrying a woman who every body said had not a good quality, and who, to say the least of her, she was certain, would run away from him at the end of six months."

A year elapsed after the conversation, during which time Leslie St. Leger vainly tried to gain his mother's consent to his marriage; and by the end of that time he contrived (by arguments best known to himself) to persuade Florence to become his wife without it, and consequently against her own conviction of right. The day of their marriage Mrs. St. Leger gave a large dinner party—certainly not to celebrate the event, but merely to show the world in general, and her son in particular, that from that time he was as nothing to her—and that she would henceforth take refuge in crowds, which she had hitherto shunned, and seek in the many all that she persisted in thinking she had lost but in the one. The dinner passed off as English set-dinners usually do, which for the most part seem modelled on the plan of the banquets of the old Florentine painters, who Vasari tells us used, even with their confections, desserts, and ambrosial wines, to introduce the most appalling skeletons, spectres, and images from the infernal regions; for at the dinner in question, fire, robberies, murders, and diseases and elopements were duly discussed.

About four years after her marriage, as Florence was sitting alone one evening, during one of the frequent absences of her husband who was then in Leicestershire, busy about his election, a servant entered, and said, "Ma'am, Mrs. Charlton is below, and wishes to speak to you."

"Who is Mrs. Charlton?" asked Florence.

"Mrs. St. Leger's housekeeper, Ma'am."

"Let her come up," said Florence, trembling violently, as a vague idea that her husband was in some danger flitted across her; for his mother had persisted in not seeing her since her marriage, and therefore she could not suppose it was any message from her. Mrs. Charlton at length came curtseying into the room—the very incarnation of an apology for having intruded upon her at all, much less at so unseasonable an hour—"but, Ma'am, Mrs. St. Leger is so *dangerous hill*, and Mrs. Lewen (that is her maid, Ma'am,) being in the fever too, Ma'am, and therefore, as the saying is, of no use, Ma'am—and my own poor girl being seized not an hour ago—(and one must look to one's own, Ma'am)—and a nurse not to be had to-night for love or money—and Dr. B—— saying as *Misses* might not live through the night if so be she was not properly 'tended—and Master Leslie—I beg pardon, Ma'am—Mr. St. Leger being out of town—and hearing you was such a good lady, I thought I would venter to call, thinking as you might be able to get a nurse Ma'am—and that—then Mr. Leslie need not be written to, as he is so busy about his *'lection*—and as I know he loves his mother dearly, it would sadly vex him, as his interest like would pull one way and his duty, Ma'am, another."

"You did quite right, Mrs. Charlton, not to write and alarm Mr. St. Leger," said Florence, "and I hope Mrs. St. Leger will be quite well before he even hears that she has been ill. I will endeavour to send a nurse to Grosvenor-street in less than half an hour. I suppose you are going back there immediately?"

"Oh, dear no, Ma'am, I am going on to my poor girl, who is lying so *dangerous hill in Igh Obern*—and that's chiefly what made me come to you, Ma'am, as I could not stay and do for *Misses* myself, poor dear lady!"

No sooner had the worthy Mrs. Charlton departed on her maternal mission to *Igh Obern* than Florence repaired to her own room, put on a morning cap, poke bonnet, and *baptiste* dress, and then, under a strict injunction of secrecy, confided to her astonished abigail her intention of herself going to nurse Mrs. St. Leger. The maid could not suppress her surprise and horror. "What! at this time of night, Ma'am?"—"That is the very reason; for no one else can be got." "And the typhus fever and all! Dear, dear Ma'am, if you should catch it, and die of it, and all, before Mr. St. Leger returns, what would he say?"

"And if his mother should die through my selfish fears, because I was afraid to go near her, Gerald, what would he say then?"

"I don't know, Ma'am, what *he* would say; but *I* should say," cried the tirewoman somewhat pertly but still more indignantly, "that if it had been you, she would have let you die before *she* would have gone to *you*."

Florence arrived in Grosvenor-street as fast as fear and anxiety could take her. For four nights, and four days, which the darkness of a sick room made like night, she watched by the bedside of Mrs. St. Leger. Never did nurse tread so noiselessly, never did leech administer his anodynes so carefully;—and never did a mother smooth the pillow of a sick child more tenderly than did Florence that of her mother-in-law; and though in the ravings of the poor sufferer, she often heard her own name coupled with epithets of reproach and aversion, yet this was more than atoned for by the unbounded affection for her son, which even on the brink of the grave Mrs. St. Leger evinced was her ruling passion; and Florence actually loved her for not thinking that she herself was good enough for him. The worst of her trials, in her new capacity, was the incessant praises of Dr. B——, his endless inquiries as to the hospitals she had attended? his surprise at her youthful and unprofessional appearance, and his reiterated promises of patronage and recommendation! On the evening of the fifth day Mrs. St. Leger was pronounced out of danger. The fever had quite left her; and she was profuse in her thanks to Dr. B—— for his unremitting attention, of which she said she had a confused but strong impression.

"Not at all, Madam, not at all," said the Doctor, "it is to this young woman you are indebted, for never did I see so indefatigable a nurse: she has not left you night or day these five days, and many a thing has she anticipated, which I was not here to order: yet which nevertheless was of more importance than medicine itself."

"Come hither, child," said Mrs. St. Leger, putting aside the curtain, "as far as money can repay your services, you shall not find me ungrateful; but you look very young for a nurse, and rather of a different rank of life too, but how long have you been a nurse? and where did Dr. B—— hear of you?"

"I am not a regular nurse, Madam," said Florence, blushing and stammering, "and it was not Dr. B——, but Mrs. Charlton who found me out, for her own daughter being ill, she was obliged to go to her, and as it was so late at night she could not get any body else, I came, and thought I might be able to nurse you if I was but wakeful and careful."

"And God knows you have been both," cried Dr. B——

"And I shall not forget either," said Mrs. St. Leger; and then added, with a sigh, "but Leslie—has he not been here? Surely if he *can* think of anything but his wife, he might have come when I was so ill."

"Oh, for that matter," said the Doctor, "Mrs. Charlton and I held a cabinet council, and as he was electioneering we determined not to harass him by letting him know of your illness till you were out of all danger; but I wrote to him yesterday, and should not be surprised if he were here to night, he could not be here before—do you think he could, Mrs. Charlton?" addressing the housekeeper, who had returned that morning, and now came into the room with some arrow-root.

"Oh dear no, Sir, by no manner o' means."

Mrs. St. Leger seemed appeased at this, but could not retreat without aiming one more shaft at Florence. "I think Mrs. Leslie St. Leger, in common respect, putting humanity out of the question, might have sent to inquire after me."

"Mrs Leslie St. Leger *has* inquired after you four or five times a day, Ma'am," said the housekeeper, darting a look at Florence's crimson cheek, as she thus pointedly alluded to her almost hourly inquiries in her capacity of nurse: the good woman stirred the arrow-root somewhat more vehemently than it seemed to require; and Mrs St. Leger turned to Dr B—— with a sigh of resignation at her son's wife having for once actually done what she said she ought to do—and inquired if there was any news?

"No, nothing, except that Lady Erpingham has gone off with Lord Rentall."

"Lady Erpingham! and left her two children!—you amaze me!" said Mrs. St. Leger sinking back upon her pillow, as if she had been electrified.

"Humph!" quoth the Doctor, "she was much too automaton a personage for me to be surprised at any thing she did; but it is a common error to mistake vacuity for virtue, and ignorance for innocence. Why, here is Mr. St. Leger, I have no doubt," cried the Doctor, as a carriage stopped at the door. In another minute a step was heard up the stairs, Florence attempted a precipitate escape into the dressing-room, but was detained by Mrs. St. Leger laying her hand upon her arm, and ordering her not to go. In another instant Leslie was in the room, and at his mother's bed-side: he did not see his wife in his anxiety to see his mother; and poor Florence had fainted from fear of the *denouement* that must inevitably take place. Dr. B—— put out his arm to prevent her falling to the ground. Mrs. Charlton ran for some water. Leslie turned to see what was the cause of the commotion—he saw a woman lying across the bed with her face downward. As he helped to raise her, the dim light from a solitary candle gleamed upon her face, and he beheld his wife to all appearance dead. "Good God! Florence, my own poor Florence! how came you here? and they have murdered you!" cried Leslie, frantically; "will no one save her?" continued he, "send—go—bring a physician—every physician—bring them all!"

"Gently, sir," said the Doctor, "she will recover soon, if you do not all crowd round her, and keep the air from her."

"On your peril do not trifle with me," said Leslie, looking wildly on his wife's wasted form, and the wan cheek, where want of sleep, and so many nights and days of watching had wrought a change that appeared fearful in his eyes—"you think she *will* recover."

"She *is* recovering," said Dr. B——, dashing a tear from the corner of his eye, for he now began to comprehend the whole scene, and how Florence had been so good a nurse, although she had *not* walked the hospitals.

"Mother, mother," said Leslie, willing to grasp at hope from every one, "do you think she'll recover?"

"I do, Leslie," said Mrs. St. Leger, bursting into tears, as she placed Florence's cold hand in Leslie's burning palm, and pressed them both within her own—and I do think, although *everybody does not say so*, that she is an angel. H. G.

Salvator Rosa.—He loved rather to stand, as it were, upon the ruins of nature, than to wander, even among her most beautiful combinations. His imagination was bold and creative, his pencil elevated and sublime. Residing, in the early period of his life, with a band of robbers, the rocks, caves, dens, and mountains, which they inhabited, gave a decided impulse to his taste. In the wild and the terrible he stands without a rival; his storms and tempests being the finest efforts of pictorial art. We behold with astonishment, with awe, and admiration. He was the *Schiller* of painting, as Schiller was the *Rosa* of poetry.—*Bucke's Philos. of Nature.*

John Elwes, the miser.—For fifteen years previous to his uncle's death, he was well known in all the fashionable circles of the metropolis; his numerous acquaintance and large fortune combined to introduce him into every society; he was admitted a member at "Arthur's," and various other clubs of that period. His passion for play was only exceeded by his avarice, and it was not till late in life that he was cured of the inclination. Few men, according to his own acknowledgement, had played deeper or with more various success. He once played two days and a night, without intermission; and the room being small, the party, one of whom was the Duke of Northumberland, were nearly up to their knees in cards. At this sitting Elwes lost some thousands.—*Life of Elwes.*

THE CONSTELLATION.

EDITED BY A. GREENE.

NEW YORK, MAY 26, 1832.

NOT AT HOME.

Mrs. Tallman called the other day to see her particular friend Mrs. Long. They had long been friends—real honied friends—if you could believe the honied speeches they made to each other, and the honied kisses they never failed to inflict on each other's lips every time they met. Nevertheless it would frequently so happen, that neither of them would be at home when the other called.

This sort of absence is no doubt consistent with the purest friendship, and with the most unflinching regard to truth: for it is next to impossible that a fashionable lady should at all times be at home, even to her friends; and as to sacred truth in these little affairs, why, surely every lady must be her own best judge whether she is at home or not.

Well, as we were saying, Mrs. Tallman called to see her excellent friend, Mrs. Long. The bell was answered by an Irish servant.

"Is Mrs. Long at home?"

"No, ma'am, she is not at home."

"Are you certain of it?"

"Indade, ma'am, I'm very positive."

"I wish particularly to see her this morning."

"I'm under the necessity of informing ye, ma'am"—(with a bow and a scrape)—"that she's not to be sane."

"I wouldn't wish to dispute your word; but if I mistake not, I saw her face through the window as I came up."

"Beggin yer pardon, ma'am, that couldn't have been Mrs. Long's face no how at all—for she jist tould me with her oun mouth that she was not at home."

"I should be loth to dispute your word and your mistress's too; but really, under the present circumstances—"

"Why, sure, as you say, ma'am, circumstances alters cases; and therefore, by your lave, I'll jist step in and ax Mrs. Long if she's convanient to be at home at all this morning, to a particular frind of her oun, that won't belave a word she says."

Mrs. Tallman, resolving, on this occasion, not to be denied admittance to her very dear friend, pushed forward after the servant, and presently found herself in the arms of Mrs. Long, who was overjoyed to see her.

"My dear Mrs. Tallman!" she exclaimed, "where have you kept yourself this long time? It is almost an age since I saw you. You have been quite unneighborly of late. Why havn't you called before?"

"I have called, repeatedly, Mrs. Long, but you were not at home. Indeed, your servant told me the same thing this morning—but—"

"Servants are such a plague!" exclaimed Mrs. Long, with great indignation—"they never do as you want to have them. And then they make so many mistakes—especially these Irish *clodoppers*—and there's no getting any other servants now-a-days. That booby of mine—I've a great mind to dismiss him as ever I had to eat—but, dear Mrs. Tallman, do take off your bonnet, and stay a while. I'm so glad to see you! How is Mr. Tallman and the little children?"

"They're all very well, except little Tommy—he's got the whooping cough—but he's getting better now."

"Poor little thing! how sorry I am to hear it!—Appropos*s*, Mrs. Tallman, have you heard about the collar-and-mob-us being in the city?"

No, indeed I have not—but I understand it's on its way across the Atlantic—and that Capt. Yardarm bespoke a vessel, that heard of another vessel, that was believed to have it on board."

"Is it possible!"

"That's what I've heard."

"Well, I shouldn't wonder if it come here in a very short time. However, thank heaven! there's one comfort—they say it never attacks nobody but the lower classes; and our rank in life, you know, Mrs. Tallman, will secure *us*. But appropo*ss* again—talking of these things—have you heard the news from Congress?"

"I understand the United States Bank is broke in two in the middle; and that the Union is on its last legs."

"Them are old stories, Mrs. Tallman. But it appears by the last accounts, that three members of Congress have been shot down, four stabbed, and five beaten with bludgeons—all for words spoken in the bait. Well, for my part, I'm glad to hear it. What would the world come to, if every body was to say what every body thought of what was going on in the world."

"True, Mrs. Long, the truth is not to be spoken at all times. But really I'm glad my husband wasn't chosen, when he was put up the last time; for, like as not, he might have been among them that was killed, and wounded, and missing. But that was a very strange thing that come to light in one of our streets yesterday, wasn't it?"

"What was that, Mrs. Tallman?"

"Why, havn't you heard, how thirteen little children—the oldest not above seven years old—were scraped up by the scavengers in cleaning the streets, where they'd been buried upwards of a month?"

"Is it possible! Why you shock me, Mrs. Tallman. Fifteen little children! Were they black or white?"

"They were black enough, when they came out. I do think their mothers were very much to blame for letting their children run at large—don't you, Mrs. Long?"

"Shockingly—shockingly to blame. But I dare say they belong to the lower classes; and if a few of their children do get buried in street dirt, it's no damage to the community. But I hope you aint a going yet, Mrs. Tallman? It's so long since I've seen you that really—"

"I've got a thousand calls to make this morning, Mrs. Long, or else I shouldn't be in such haste."

"Well, do come again soon, I beg on you—don't make yourself such a stranger."

"Good-bye, Mrs. Long."

"Good-bye, my dear Mrs. Tallman—I do hope you'll call again soon."

Thus saying, Mrs. Long embraced and gave a parting kiss to her friend. But the door was no sooner closed behind her, than ringing the bell for her servant, she gave him a very severe reprimand for letting in that "long, gangling, ugly, tiresome woman," as she called Mrs. Tallman.

"But she would come in of her oun accord, and plase ye, madam."

"It don't please me at all, and if ever—"

"Shall I shut the door in the face iv her then?"

"Do any thing to keep her out."

"Och! by the powers, will I—and I'll trate all yer particular frinds in the same dilicate way, if you insist upon it. It's fine times, indade, if a lady of your standing"—(a bow and a scrape)—can't be absent when she's at home, in a free country like this same—arrah! and indade it is."

THE PIECE OF CABBAGE-STALK.

On how inconsiderable a thing the fate of a nation is sometimes made to depend! The fall of Robespierre was hastened by the following circumstance, as related in the life of the Empress Josephine:—

Tallien was the life and soul of the conspiracy organized by the Mountain party, against the despotism of Robespierre. But the utmost circumspection was necessary; and the conspirators were waiting for the ripening of events, before striking the important blow.

Tallien being in love with Madame de Fontenay (whom he afterwards married), but being unable to save her from revolutionary law, used to walk daily before the casement of the Carmelites where she was imprisoned, that he might have the satisfaction of seeing her through the grates. Madame Beauharnais (afterwards empress of France) was in the same room.

While the conspirators were waiting the progress of events and the waning popularity of the tyrant, "Madame de Fontenay had secretly learned that she was speedily to be called before the Convention. This she knew to be but a prelude to the block. Aware also of Tallien's designs, she resolved to urge their execution, and thus to secure at least a chance of escape. She and Madame Beauharnais appeared in the evening leaning on each other, as if to breathe the fresh air through the prison bars. The former made a sign, to all others imperceptible, soliciting Tallien's attention. It may easily be imagined with what anxiety both watched his motions, as they beheld him lift from the ground a piece of cabbage-stalk, flung from the window by Madame de Fontenay, and in which she had concealed the following note:

'My trial is decreed—the result is certain. If you love me, as you say, urge every means to save France and me.'

"Similar methods of communication were by no means unfrequent in these times of trouble; disparted friends contrived to maintain a correspondence, frequently by the most ingenious arts, and letters were transmitted to their destination concealed in fruits and flowers. Tallien, having secured his billet, conveyed in less poetical disguise, resolved on immediate action. From agitating in the committees, he proceeded to the Convention, where, as upon an arena, Robespierre had prepared to meet his opponents. Tallien had pledged himself to mount the breach in the first assault; and bravely did he redeem his word, when—forcing St. Just from the tribune, as the latter pronounced the words, 'I lift the veil'—he exclaimed in a voice of terrible emphasis, 'I rend it asunder!' and continued in a speech replete with the wild but powerful eloquence of the period, turning the execrations and the daggers of the whole assembly against him at whose least nod its chiefest members had trembled. The lesson is useful, but humiliating—to reflect that popular misrule had made the fate of the noblest kingdom of continental Europe to depend on a piece of herb thrown by the feeble hand of a woman!"

Difference between Thought and Speech.—"Politeness," says Miss Landon, "acts the lady's maid to our thoughts; and they are washed, dressed, curled, rouged, and perfumed, before they are presented to the public; so that an unexpressed idea might often say to the spoken one, what the African woman said to the European lady, after surveying the sweep of her huge bonnet and the extent of her skirt, 'Oh, tell me, white woman, if this is all you!' It is amazing how much a thought expands and refines by being put into speech: I should think it could hardly know itself."

All for Love—and a Little for Rum.—Abraham VanDyck and Elizabeth Bird—two fond "lovyers"—were fished up, a few days since, from the bottom of Brown's Pond, in Clinton township. It was enough to shame the very turtle doves, and melt the heart of a stone, to see with what fondness they clung together to the very last—being, when found, tied fast and snug together by their two waists. They would not part even in death; and seemed resolved, that the very eels, which should devour one, should also prey upon the other. They had divested themselves of their upper garments, which were neatly folded and laid by the water's edge. Beside the clothes stood a bottle, from which the spirit had fled, apparently just before that of the faithful "lovyers." They ardently embraced the bottle; and then, tied, waist to waist, into the pond they jumped. What a pity such faithful "lovyers" should be given to drink!

Slanderous.—"I declare," said a tall countryman the other day, as he was standing at the door of the Exchange Hotel, "I won't stay at this house another hour, if they keep such nu-is-sances in the neighborhood. Only look at that!" pointing to a sign, which read thus:

'Bureau d'Agence
Courtier de Douane
Traducteur
De Langues Etrangeres.'

"Fine times, aint it, that a stranger must be traduced, because he happens to be tall!"

"Traduced?" asked a bystander—"how do you make that out?"

"Why," replied the aggrieved countryman, "don't you see how it reads—*A courtier from Duane-street, who* TRADUCES LONG STRANGERS!"

Marvelling.—There lived in Connecticut—and, for ought we know, lives there still—a man by the name of Stewart—an odd genius, a rogue, and a candidate for the State prison. Among other of his peculiarities, was the use of the word *marvel*, which he applied to his roguish capers and tricks of deviltry—as thus:

"What have you been about, Bob?"

"What? Oh, nothing of consequence"—with great nonchalance—"I've merely been *marvelling* a little."

But it so happened at length that Bob was arrested for passing counterfeit money, and sentenced to the prison in Simsbury Mines. In that damp and gloomy situation, where his spirits had fallen below zero, he was visited by an acquaintance, who said—

"Well, Bob, how do you come on with your marvelling?"

The prison-bird, sadly shaking his head, replied—"I tell you what it is, friend, *it's no place to* MARVEL *here.*"

Rhubarb Pie.—A gentleman, who had never before heard of this kind of pie, dining at a hotel in this city, the other day, had a piece brought him by the servant.

"What kind of pie is it?" asked he.

"Rhubarb," replied the servant.

"*Rhubarb!*" exclaimed the gentleman, beginning to think of physic—"no, I'll take some of the other kind."

"What other kind?" enquired the waiter.

"Why, *calomel-and-jalap*," returned the guest.

Squabbling for Stock.—Some hard fighting seems lately to have taken place, in the quiet city of William Penn, at the opening of the books for subscriptions to the stock of the Girard Bank. Neither the founder of the city, nor the man who gives name to this bank, would have approved of such doings. The one would not fight in any cause; and the other owed his great wealth chiefly to the quiet industry for which he was distinguished. If departed spirits have any knowledge of the passing events of this world, how sadly must those of Penn and Girard be shocked at the late avaricious pulling and hauling, black eyes and bloody noses, for the sake of a few shares of bank stock! The name of the institution should forthwith be altered—and, instead of the Girard Bank, should be called the bank of the *Rough and Tumble.*

Cholera in Paris.—The cholera is much more alarming in Paris than London. On the 7th ult. 717 new cases occurred in the French capital; while, on the 9th, only 39 happened in the English. It has never prevailed to any alarming extent in London, where one would suspect, *a priori*, it must be very *fatal*. What can cause the difference in favor of the English capital—unless it be roast beef and brown ale?

Since the above was prepared, we have later dates, by which it appears the number of new cases in Paris, on the 10th, was about 1300. They had, however, decreased again on the 11th, so that the new cases amounted to only 985; and, on the 13th, to no more than 804.

But the cholera seems to be more ambitious in France than in other countries—not being satisfied with making victims merely of the lower classes. It had attacked M. Casimir Perier, the Prime Minister; who by the last accounts, however, was convalescent. Several Peers and Deputies had died of it. Among the latter was M. Segnier, Vice President of the Chamber.

In London only 19 new cases occurred on the 12th.

Devil-Worship.—The following curious passage, says Williams's Register, is taken from the Duke of York's laws for the colony of New York:—"No Indian whatsoever, shall at any time be suffered to powow, or performe outward worship to the devil, in any town within this government."

Conspiracy Case.—A full Report of the Trial of the Conspiracy Case, with the Speeches of Counsel and the Recorder's Charge, is just published by Wm. Stodart, No. 6 Cortlandt-street.

New Paper.—A large sized and well-filled paper has just been commenced at Plymouth, Mass. by the appropriate title of the "Pilgrim."

The Opera of the White Lady, *or Spirit of Avenel*, founded on one of Sir Walter Scott's stories, was produced at the Park Theatre on Monday evening. The whole of the original Music is by Boildieu, and additions from Weber, Rossini, Auber, and Guglielmi. It was played to a very full house, received with much applause, and bids fair to be popular.

Burials in Trinity Church-yard.—The last week's Mirror informs us, that Trinity church-yard contains the relics of *two hundred and fifty thousand* persons. The editors of that paper will doubtless perceive, on a little reflection, that all the burials in the city of New York, from its first settlement, would not probably exceed, if they would equal, that number.

SELECTIONS.

Engagement at Sea.—The following are extracts from the article entitled Navy, published in the last volume of the Encyclopædia Americana, and may suggest to our readers some new ideas of the present mode of naval warfare.

When two adverse ships come in sight of each other upon the ocean, accident decides, usually, which is to windward. To be to windward, or to the side from which the wind comes, is always esteemed an advantage. If the weather ship be of inferior force, it enables her to keep out of action much longer, and, though a poorer sailer, she might do so till the intervention of night increases the chances of escape. If, however, the weather ship be of superior force, she is enabled to bear at once down and direct her head against the enemy, and having the advantage in sailing she must soon be alongside of her. We will, however, suppose a case where two equal ships meet, and are mutually anxious to engage. Then, also, the weather gage is an advantage, for the ship to leeward, careening to the breeze, exposes her side below wind and water, and if struck there, and afterwards forced to tack and change her careen, or if merely brought upright, the shot holes thus made are thrown out of the reach of repairs from without, and may cause her sinking. The ship to windward, on the contrary, has her lee-side exposed to the attack, and the ordinary water-line depressed below the surface, in proportion to the strength of the breeze. In this situation, if she receive dangerous shot holes at the water's edge, by changing her tack, she may bring them above the surface, so as to stop the leaks.—Being to windward, moreover, confers the advantage of heaving up at pleasure to cross an enemy's bow, or stern, for the purpose of a raking fire.

Assuming the advantage of the weather gage, let us prepare for action. Topsails, top-gallant sails, jib and spanker, with the courses hauled up, ready to be set again, are good sails to fight under, for with them the ship is under perfect command to advance, manœuvre, or lie to. If there is any appearance of squally weather, it is well to have a reef in the topsails, in anticipation. The crew are called to quarters by beat of drum, every man going to his station which has been rendered familiar to him by frequent trainings, under the eye of his officers. The commander, standing in a conspicuous station on the quarter deck, watches his own ship and the enemy, and conveys the orders that the occasion may require, by voice, or through the medium of his aids. Under him the first Lieutenant commands the offensive and defensive operations, and effects the various evolutions which he may direct, in relation to the position of the ship. The clues are stopped, to keep the sails spread in the event of the sheets being shot away, and the yards are hung in chains to obviate a like inconvenience from the cutting of the ties. The carpenter rigs the pumps to prepare for a leak, collects his shot-plugs to stop holes in the side, and fishes of wood to strengthen a mast, or yard, that may be wounded and in danger of falling. The surgeon prepares, in the cockpit, to receive the wounded. Tubs of water are collected in the tops, channels, and on deck, to be ready to extinguish fire; the decks are wet, to prevent the explosion of powder, and put out sparks that may fall there, and also sanded to prevent the men from slipping when splashy with blood or water. Finally, plenty of wads and shot, round, grape and canister, are collected beside the guns, and the magazine is opened and lit by the gunner and his crew, who prepare to pass the cartridges to the powder boys.

And now, having given three cheers, you bear down upon the enemy. It is a great object, in battering from ship to ship, to rake your enemy, if possible, that is, to get across his bow or stern, out of reach of his guns, whilst yours sweep the whole length of his deck with fatal execution. If it is desirable to rake your enemy, it is equally so to avoid being raked in return. The double advantage can only be attained by superior sailing, or by great skill in manœuvring. In directing your fire it is best to aim between wind and water, and also in direction of the masts, for in this way the enemy may be sooner disabled, and a victory gained with the least destruction of life. If, on the contrary, your own spars be so disabled, that the enemy, having the worst in other respects, might yet effect his escape from your inability to make sail in pursuit, or even in the more desperate case of your being every way worsted, you may yet profit by your situation to bear down and board as the last alternative. In the case of this last chance, a hopeless cause may sometimes be restored, for, in boarding, headlong valor oftener than numbers decides the struggle. When the enemy signifies that he yields, by hauling down his colors, a prize-master and crew are detailed; the prisoners are removed and chained, and as much expedition is made in repairing damages as was before exercised in effecting them.

Paris Dandies.—Bright scarlet hats of the ordinary form appear to be destined to replace—on the heads of those young gentlemen who find notoriety more easily attained by the exterior than the interior furniture of their craniums—the oilskin hats, which have been placed under a sentence of reprobation. Three young men, covered with this dashing *coiffure*, were seen promenading yesterday in the gardens of the Luxembourg.

Several of the young men to whom we have already alluded, as having adopted the ridiculous fancy of wearing scarlet hats, were promenading the Palais Royale yesterday morning, and, by the singularity of their appearance, attracted round them so great and troublesome a crowd, that they were obliged at last to take refuge in a coffee-house.

The gentlemen with scarlet hats are determined to win celebrity. On Saturday five of them went in a body to call the editor of the Figaro to an account for an article tending to ridicule the body of which they constituted themselves the representatives. The only results of their visit, however, were a forced evacuation of the premises, effected by the sight of the editor's sword, coupled with the assurance that they would always find him prepared to meet them with weapons of more power than the pen, and an account of the affair in the Figaro of yesterday, which places them in a still more ridiculous light than the original article. Yesterday one of these fiery headed gentry was walking in the gallery of the Palais Royal, when he was insulted by two persons, and a scuffle ensued, which ended in all the parties being conveyed to the guard-house. The garden and galleries happened to be very full at the time, and some of the crowd appeared inclined to take a share in the squabble, but the immediate interference of the police prevented any disturbance, and the meteor hat and its opponents were forgotten as soon as they were out of sight.

Venetian Police.—A Frenchman of high rank who had been robbed at Venice, and had complained in conversation of the negligence of the police, saying they were vigilant only as spies on the stranger, was on his way back to the Terra Firma, when his gondola stopped suddenly in the midst of the waves. He enquired the reason, and his gondoliers pointed to a boat with a red flag that had just made them a signal. It arrived, and he was called on board. "You are the Prince de Creon? Were you not robbed on Friday evening?" "I was." "Of what?" "Of five hundred ducats." "And where were they?" "In a green purse." "Do you suspect any body?" "I do, a servant." "Would you know him again?" "Certainly." The interrogator with his foot turned aside an old cloak that lay there, and the Prince beheld his purse in the hand of a dead man. "Take it; and remember that none set their feet again in a country where they have presumed to doubt the wisdom of the government.—*Note to Rogers' Italy.* [It is by anecdotes such as this, and by *coups de theatre*, that an impression has been created that despotic governments, which have acted by the agency of spies, have really efficient police establishments, and that an efficient preventive police could only be obtained at the sacrifice of public liberty. The French police, under Fauche, is supposed to have been perfect. Never was there a greater delusion. The action of that police for apprehension was very efficient, but for prevention it was as inefficient as the English police. Robberies and murders have been as frequent, professed depredators as numerous, in Paris as in London. In all cases the employment of spies implies the toleration of one set of delinquents, for the purpose of occasionally betraying another set. No system of police ever has acted, or ever can work well, that has not the entire confidence and active support of the people.]—*London Examiner.*

The Bequeathed Portrait.—Not many years since lived a good old patriarch whom we shall call Deacon A. This, however, was not his real appellation, but it matters not. "A rose by any other name would smell as sweet," and the modest one we have chosen for him will answer as well as though we wrote at length Deacon ——, hold, we had almost let out the secret.

Well, let it pass, whilst we return to the event we first took our pen to record. Our worthy subject had lived to a green old age—but he knew he could not last forever, and consequently set about putting his house in order, before a summons for the other world was served upon him. Amongst his property was a portrait of his own self, taken just about the time such things were fashionable in our country, and bore a great resemblance to him when he was in his prime. This was deemed the most valuable painting which pertained to the family—for two reasons—the first, of its being the representation of the good old man, and the second, because it was the only one belonging to it. Curiosity was on the tiptoe to ascertain to whom this valuable relic was bequeathed, but the old gentleman would not enlighten the minds of his kindred, who comprised nine-tenths of the people of the town in which he lived. Indeed he had left or would leave behind him, a posterity which few could boast of competing with, in regard to numbers. We believe he could boast of as many as twenty children, and the grandchildren and great grandchildren were more than we could enumerate. Well, as is the case, or will be with all, he at last was gathered to his fathers, and the will was opened in the largest room in the homestead, which however was too small to accommodate all who deemed themselves interested. It was read—bequests of lands, bank stock, and the accompanying etceteras received but little attention from the audience—but when the manner in which he wished the portrait disposed of, was pronounced, it was received with shouts of deafening applause. It was to be taken possession of by the oldest son—in that State the oldest son possesses a privilege by law not enjoyed in any other—who was to retain it a year, and then deliver it to the next, who was to keep it for a like time, and after it expired, give it to the third, and so on until all the children had possessed it—the child of the eldest son was then to receive it, and keep it for the same time, and thus it was willed to go down through the succeeding generations, as long as time, or the picture endures. It is now, we believe, in the house of the fifth son, whose great grand children have calculated that they will be much older than the testator before their time arrives, and that they will then possess a progeny full as numerous as his, to enjoy with their kindred the right of possessing it, but with no thought of obtaining it, even should they reach the age of Methuselah.—*New Bedford Gaz.*

A Proof Reader.—Several years ago, a highly respectable and respected lady in a neighboring State, took upon herself the onerous duties of editor and publisher of a literary periodical. A proof sheet of the first number was forwarded to her, which she returned to the printer with no corrections. It may be necessary here to state, for the information of such of our readers as are unacquainted with the miseries of printing, that it is customary when a letter or point is wrong, to draw a mark through it, and place the desired character in the margin, so that the type can be changed. The proof of the next number was carried to her by the devil of the office, who remarked that he was surprised she could find no errors in the former one. "Why, as to that," replied she, "I cannot say much; for there were nearly a hundred superfluous commas in it, but I sat up all night and scratched them out with a penknife, so neatly that no one could perceive them."—*ib.*

Literal Construction.—Mr A—— entered a barber's shop not long since, in the town of ——, and after he had received the first and second tonsorial applications from the tippy-bob-royal, he adjusted his neckcloth with dignity, and requested to be "winged a little"—(meaning brushed.) The Perruquier, who was noted for waggery, being ever ready to perpetrate a joke when a good opportunity offered, seized forthwith a *wing* of one of that species of birds, which once saved the Roman capital, and immediately commenced operations on the coat; Mr. A—— meanwhile twisting and turning this way and that to give every part of the garment an equal chance. After the barber had discharged his duty, Mr. A—— stepped to the glass to take a last survey of his newly trimmed personage, and was astonished to behold himself covered from top to toe with dust and feathers! Turning to the knight of the Towel, he indignantly demanded what he meant by such treatment.

"Treatment, Sir—I do not understand you," was the grave reply—"You requested to be *winged*; and I have winged you to the best of my ability."

Mr. A—— saw his mistake, and with a hearty laugh begged to be *brushed*—which the wag readily performed, assuring him that he always made it a point strictly to obey his customers when practicable.—*Exeter NewsLetter.*

MATRIMONIAL.

Marriage Extra.—Mr. *Robert Dale Owen*, who heretofore gained celebrity by the association of his name with that of Miss Frances Wright, now that the latter has put on "the chains" of matrimony, imitates the example. Some peculiarity in the business, however, was, it seems, thought necessary; for according to the published accounts, instead of the ordinary mode, the parties met without change of dress or any unusual preparations, and signed a marriage contract before witnesses. The first sentence is in these words:—"We, Robert Dale Owen, of New Harmony, State of Indiana, aged 30 years, and Mary Jane Robinson, of New York, aged 19 years, and daughter of Mr Saml. Robinson, being well acquainted with each other, and believing that our union in marriage, according to the laws of New York, will conduce to our welfare, do hereby enter into an agreement to that effect." The remainder is a reciprocal individual pledge of the one to the other, in the relations of man and wife, according to the laws.

What latitude is permitted in the ceremonial of marriage by the laws of New York, we are not fully aware. This proceeding is at least unusual.

The reader may like to learn the name of the husband of *Miss Wright*. It is given as William Sylvia Casimir Phiquepal Darusmont.—*Atlas.*

UNMATRIMONIAL.

The St. Simonians.—A great schism has taken place in France among the professors of "la Religion Saint Simonienne." Father Rodrigues, and a party with him, have separated from the supreme Father Enfantin, whom they charge with an intention to establish the promiscuous intercourse of the sexes. It must be confessed that there have been of late many passages in Le Globe, which countenance this accusation. M. Chevalier, however, the editor of Le Globe, expresses his perfect confidence in the triumph of the cause; and, relying principally on what he terms "the powerful diversion which women will effect when they feel that they have a *religious destination*," predicts that in less than four years the whole of France and England will be governed under St. Simonian inspiration!!!

VARIETIES.

From the last Atlas.

Posthumous Fame.—Various are the paths to

——"fame eternal,
In deathless pages of diurnal."

Not long since we read of an individual who, according to the writer of his obituary, died bearing the distinction of being the "best *billiard-player* in the province." This week we have found the record of the decease of one whose "*weight was* 375, and walked till the day of his death." The latter part of the statement is particularly striking. As the gentleman's weight walked all this time, we suppose he had never the trouble of carrying it, which must have been a great relief, especially in warm weather; and inasmuch as it appears from the narrative, to have been full grown and able bodied, we cannot but hope that it was willing in cases of emergency, to give a helping hand over the rough paths of life, to the good soul who so long shared his name and standing with it.

It is stated in some of the journals that in Sweden *church bells are cast of glass.* One of six feet diameter recently constructed, is said to be of very superior tone. We are suspicious of the accuracy of this averment, although that the tone of such bells would be uncommonly rich and fine is unquestionable. Any one who has experimented by striking a glass bowl will be satisfied of this. We imagine, however, the material is rather too fragile for actual employment in calling the people to church. Yet by making use of a clapper of some yielding substance we think the effect of a large bell of glass *might* be tried with safety.

Crescit eundo.—The stories of the flood on the Ohio, in our newspapers, were fully as large the truth would warrant; and in fact the people of Marietta thought it necessary to certify that their town was not altogether submerged as had been reported; but the magnitude of the inundation, as noticed here, is too trifling to be regarded, in comparison with that we find mentioned in the English papers.—*e. g.*

"*Rising of the River Ohio.*—The whole country, from its source to its mouth (nearly 1200 miles) has been completely devastated."

The London Times has this piece of *news.* "It is reported that Mr Kean, jr. and Clara Fisher have been married in America, and are on their way to England with the rewards of their professional toil."

Advance of Intellect.—We find a lively remark on this subject in one of the English magazines.—"Ah, my dear Mrs. B. I fear this is all the good the march of intellect is likely to do." "*March* of intellect! my dear madam, I begin to think *that* is past, and that it must now be the *April* of intellect, one meets so many fools!"

"I think, Joe," said one of our acquaintances the other day, "that the President of the Young Men's Convention at Washington, (William Cost Johnson) has rather a singular name, and perhaps ominous of an expensive job for them." "On the contrary Tom," he replied, "I conceive it the most appropriate possible. It shows that the young men at the *very outset* of their proceedings had duly estimated the *cost*; and this is the only road to success in any enterprise.

We learn from the papers that one Mr. *Pepper*, in Rhode Island, has been convicted and sentenced—so saith the authority, "to stand, on the 27th of April, inst. between the hours of 10 and 1 o'clock, with a rope about his neck, on the gallows," &c. &c.

"Why should our joys transform to pain,
When gentle Hymen's silken chain
A" *hempen neck-cloth* "prove."

It was cruel in the sex, in their eagerness to try a *spice* of his quality, to render Mr. P. liable to such an exposure.

It is—we regret that it is—well known that every now and then, acts of violence are committed in some parts of the country, in matters of personal collision. A New Orleans paper reports a recent case of shooting, and another of stabbing, the provocations for which are not explained. The editor says there have been *numerous* stabbings and assassinations of late and adds that measures might, and should, be taken to prevent "the *so frequent* recurrence of outrages of this sort." How frequently it might be proper to allow them, is not specified.

Sesquipedalia verba.—A contemporary in the Ancient Dominion, relating an anecdote of Mr. Randolph says that as he pronounced the words "he *stinks*," he accompanied the last "with a horrible emphasis, and conformable gyration of the nasal organ." Does this mean that the speaker "turned up his nose" at the ideal odour?

Died—At Washington, on the morning of the 15th inst. after a protracted illness, the Hon. *Jonathan Hunt*, a member of the House of Representatives, from Vermont.

GREECE.

By Mrs. Sigourney.

Up, thou New World! The eye of Greece is dark.
Her glory waneth. When she sat enthron'd
On her Acropolis, and heard the lore
Of Pallas echoing through the Academe,
Thou wert a savage with thy simple bow,
And feathery cincture. Now, in dust she sits,
Weary and sad.—*She doth not skill to read*
Her Father's Book.
Thou, who from her hast caught
The spirit of Harmodius,—and sat down
Low at the feet of Socrates,—or soar'd
High with etherial Plato,—and hast knelt,
And thrill'd and wept and trembled as the lyre
Of mighty Homer smote thy wondering soul.—
Up, pay thy debt! Restore her more than all
The burning alphabet of eloquence,
Or the proud language of the Arts could teach.
Yea, give the "key of knowledge,"—and with gems
Drawn from the Gospel's everlasting mine
Pay the long debt of dim Philosophy. *Atlas.*

A COURTING EXPEDITION.

(*Continued.*)

A Babel of dull sound, chiming and sawing within my head, announced my returned consciousness. This is no dream, thought I; I have been hurt, but I am afraid to ask myself where. If my skull should be fractured now, and I should be idiot in all my life or if my arm should be broken—farewell to the river! But can I be still doubled up among those pots and pans which I crushed beneath me in my fall? No.—dark as it is, I feel that I am laid straight and soft I must be in bed, but where? where? It was some time before I had courage to confirm my doubts of my head's condition! it was carefully bandaged, and doubtless much shattered: I could feel that I was in a close-panelled bed-stead, such as are usual in old houses; but had too much discretion to attempt the hazardous experiment of rising without knowing either my strength or my situation. So I lay, fancying all sorts of means for my preservation; need I say that the main agent in all was the fair Madeline?

My curiosity was at length relieved: a rude folding door opened opposite, and showed a low dim sitting room beyond, from which there rose a few steps to the entrance of the chamber. On these appeared, not alas! the fancied visitant who was to flit about my bedside, and mix her bright presence with my dreams; but stately and severe, with a pale cheek and compressed lip, her father—my aversion.

I lay silent, sick at the thoughts of my own meanness in his eyes; while he advanced, shading the light of the candle from my face, and in a low cold tone, asked if I desired anything?

I shall never forget him as he stood, the light thrown full upon his strong features and broad chest, and staining purple through the fingers of his large hand. "I asked, sir, did you require any assistance?" he repeated. "Are you in pain?" he went on. I now replied that my chief pain was caused by own unworthy appearance: made a confused apology for my misconduct, and offered my acknowledgments for the protection I had received. "You have saved the life of my child," he said, turning slightly from me, "and protection is a debt which must be paid: for your follower, he must thank the same circumstance for what little life his own mad conduct has left him." Without another word, he took the phial from the table, and, pouring out a draught, handed it to me; I mechanically drank it off; but ere I had taken it from my lips, he was gone. I heard the doors close and the bolts shoot after him with strange forebodings, and when the sound of his footsteps had died away in the long passage beyond, fell back in a wild maze of apprehension and self-censure, till I again sank into a heavy sleep.

When I awoke there was a yellow twilight in my little cabin, from the scattering of a red ray of the sunset which streamed through a crevice in the door. I had therefore slept a whole day; my fever was abated; the gnawing pain had left my head, and I longed to eat. I knocked upon the boards, and the door was presently opened: but it was some time ere my eyes could endure the flood of light which then burst in. The figure which at length became visible amid it, was little worthy so goodly a birth. The lank, slack, ill-hinged anatomy of Peg, with a bottle in one hand, and a long horn spoon in the other, advanced, and in no gracious tone, demanded what was my will. I turned and lay silent; for I never felt an awkward situation so embarrassing as then. My gorge rose at the malignant cause of all of my disasters; but interest and discretion told me to be civil if I spoke at all I gave no answer; she was in no humour to suffer such trifling with her time. "Hear till him, Jamie!" she exclaimed to some one behind her, "hear till him the fashious scunner! he dunts folk frae their wark as if he was the laird o' the Lang Marches himsell and then —— "Good Mistress Margaret"——Mistress me nae mistresses! there's ne'er a wife i' the parish has a right to be mistressed, since she deceit wha's wean ye wad betray! Deil hae me gin I can keep my knieves aff ye, ye ill-faured bluid-seller"—"Ill-faured *what?*" shouted I. "No just ill-faured neither, blest be the Maker, and mair's the pity; ye're a clean boy eneugh, as I weel may say, wha had the stripping and streeking o' ye; but I say that ye're just a bluid-seller, a reformer, a spy, gin ye like it better!" She backed down the steps, and holding a leaf of the door at each side, stretched in her neck, and went on, "Aye, spy, Willie Macdonnell, spy to your teeth.—Isna your name upon your sark breast? and arena the arms that ye disgrace upon your seal, and daur ye deny them? daur ye deny that ye're the swearer away o' the innocent bluid o' puir Hughy Morrison, wham ye hangit like a doug upon the lamp-posts o' Doonpatrick? Daur ye hae the face to deny that ye come here e'en noo to inform upon Square O'More and his bonny wean? Daur ye hae the impudence to deny it?" Here I was relieved by the entrance of Mr. O'More himself. I addressed him in a tone as cool and conciliatory as I could command. "I am much relieved to find, sir, that any harshness I may have to complain of, has originated in a mistake. I am Mr. Macdonnell, of Redrigs. It was only last week that I returned from England. I have not been in this part of the country for many years; and can only say, that if any person bearing my name deserves the character you seem to impute to me, I detest him as cordially as you do." He eyed me with visibly increased disgust "It will not pass, sir, it will not pass. I have had notice of your intentions. Mr. Macdonnell of Redrigs is in Oxford."—"I tell you, sir, he is here!" I cried, starting up in bed. "Back, back!" he exclaimed to the servants who were pressing round; they fell back, and he came up to me. "Hark ye, sir, instead of assuming a name to which you have no right"——The passion which had been burning within me all along, blazed out in uncontrollable fury. I started with a sudden energy out onto the floor; dashed backwards and forwards through the room, stamping with indignation, while I asserted my honour and demanded satisfaction; but the arm which had for a minute animated me failed; my tongue became confused and nodding the whole scene whirled and flickered round me and I sunk exhausted, and in a burning fever, on a seat.

Every one who has suffered fever knows what a fiery trance it is. How long mine had continued I could not guess; when the crisis came, it was favorable, and I awoke, cool and delighted, from a long sweet sleep. That scene I had already witnessed at sunset through the room beyond, was again before me; the same grey and purple haze hung over the mountain, and the same rich sky from above lit up the river-reaches; the dim old room was warm in the mellow light: the folding doors stood wide open: but on the steps where the marrer of the whole had stood before, lo! the radiance revelling through her hair; the rich light flushing warm through the outline of her face and neck; the sweet repose of satisfaction an conscious care beaming over her whole countenance; benign and beautiful stood Madeline O'More, her finger on her lips. "She, too, thinks me a spy," I muttered, in the bitterness of my heart, and hid my face upon the pillow. But who can describe my delight when I heard her well remembered accents murmur beside me, "Oh no, believe me, indeed I do not!" I looked up. She was covered with blushes—I felt them reflected on my own cheek—there was a conscious pause. "Then you do believe that I am what I have told you?" I said at last. "Oh yes! but indeed you must forgive the error," she replied; and readily did I admit its justifiableness, when she went on to tell me that a friend had ridden a long journey to warn them against a person bearing my name, and answering to my appearance an apostate from their own cause, and a noted spy, who, upon some vague information of their retreat, had set out with the intention of discovering and betraying them; and that their friend (in whom I immediately recognized the priest I had seen her father conduct from the house) had left them but a few minutes before I arrived.

It was now my turn to apologize and explain. She listened, with many pleas of palliation for the indignities I had endured, to my account of my business in Ireland, and the circumstances which had led me to Glen——; but when I came to account for my appearance at Moyabel, her confusion satisfied me that the motive was already known. I felt suddenly conscious of having been dreaming about her: and I knew that a fevered man's dream is his nurse's perquisite: dissimulation, after what I knew and suspected to have passed, would have been as impossible as repugnant. So then and there, among that mellow sunset in the sick chamber, I confessed to her how my whole thoughts had been haunted by her image, since the time when her father had hurried her from the scene of our meeting: how I could not rest while any scheme, how wild soever, promised me even a chance of again beholding her; how this had induced me to snatch at the first opportunity of discovering her, and had brought on that disastrous adventure which had ended in my wound; but that I still endured another, which I feared would prove incurable, if I might not live upon the hope (and I took her hand) of gaining her to be my heart's physician constantly.

Footsteps suddenly sounded in the passage. I released her hand, and she hid her confusion in a hasty escape through a side-door, just before her father made his appearance at that of the hall. He advanced with a frank expression of pleasure and concern; took his seat by my bedside; congratulated me on the favourable issue of my illness, and repeated those apologies and explanations which his daughter had already made; adding that his first intention had been to detain me prisoner, so that I could have no opportunity of betraying them until their departure for France; but that the moment he had heard my undisguised ravings, he perceived the injustice of which he had been guilty; that Aleck's speech having returned soon after, (for the poor fellow was so beaten that he could not say a word for three days—but I have taken good care of him,) another evidence, however unnecessary, was afforded by his declaration; and that therefore, a messenger was immediately dispatched to Knowehead, with private letters, explaining our situation and its causes, and resting on the honour of my friend for the security of all. The trust had been well reposed: Aleck, who was able to go home in a few days, had come the night before (although returned that morning) with the intelligence of the real spy having applied for information to the old gentleman; but that, loyal subject and zealous protestant as he was, he had given him no more than a civil indication of his door. All this he told with a gratified and grateful air, and left me to a night of happy dreams.

Next morning, however, he came to me, and in a serious, nay severe manner, told me, that as I had divulged the motive which brought me thither in my ravings, he felt it a duty to himself and to me, now that I was established in my recovery, to inform me that, while he forgave my intrusion on a privacy he had already begged me not to break, he must desire that there should be no recurrence of attentions to his daughter, which might distract a heart destined either for the service of a free Catholic in regenerated Ireland, or for that of Heaven in a nunnery.

He had laid his hand upon the table, and it unconsciously rested upon the seals of my watch. "Look," said I, "at these trinkets; I shall tell you what they are, and let them be my answer. That rude silver seal with the arms and initials, was dug from my father's orchard, along with the bones of his ancestor, who fell there beneath the knives of free Catholics in —41, a grey-haired man among the seven bodies of his murdered wife and children. Look again at that curious ring; it was worn by his son, the sole survivor of that ancient family who escaped, a maimed and famished spectre, out of Derry, after the same party had driven him to eat his sword belt for hunger. Look once again at this rare antique locket; it contains the hair of a maternal ancestor, who perished for the faith among the fagots of Smithfield; and look here, at my own arm, that wound I received when a child, from the chief of a 'Heart of Steel' banditti, who, under the same banner, lighted our family's escape from rape and massacre, by the flames of their own burning roof tree; and yet I—I every drop of whose blood might well call for vengeance, when I see these remembrancers of my wrongs' in the hands of my wrongs' defender, do yet take that hand, and long to call him father."

I was here interrupted by the sudden entrance of a splashed and wearied messenger: advancing with a military salute, he presented a letter to Mr. O'More. "Pardon me," he said, hastily tearing it open, "this is on a matter of life and death." He read it in great agitation; led the messenger aside; gave some hurried orders; took down his arms from the mantelpiece; and drawing his belt, and fixing in his pistols while he spoke, addressed me:—"Notwithstanding what you have urged, my determination remains unaltered. I must leave Moyabel, for I cannot say how long: you shall be taken care of in my absence: farewell, sir, farewell." He shook me by the hand, and hurried away. I heard confusion in the house, and thought I could distinguish the sweet voice of Madeline, broken by sobs at his departure. A considerable party seemed to leave the house; for there was a great trampling of horses in the court yard, and two or three mounted men passed by the windows. At length they were out of hearing, and I determined not to lose another minute of the precious opportunity. My clothes had been brought from Knowehead, and I was so much recovered that I found myself able to rise, and set about dressing immediately. My continental visions of beard were more than realized; and if I failed to produce a shapely moustache, 'twas not for lack of material. With fluttering expectation, I selected the most graceful of the pantaloons; drew on my rings; arrayed myself in the purple velvet slippers, cap, and brocade dressing-gown; took one lingering last look at the little mirror, and descended into the parlour. I drew a writing-table to me, and penned a long letter to Knowehead; another to Redrigs, and had half-finished a sonnet to Madeline. The day was nearly past and she had not yet made her appearance.

For the first time the thought struck me, and that with a pang which made me leap to my feet, that she had accompanied her father, and was gone! gone, perhaps, to a nunnery in France! gone, and lost to me for ever! "Hilloa, Peg!" and I thumped the floor with the poker, "Peg, I say! as you would not have me in another fever, come here!" She came to the door: the poor old creature's eyes were swollen and bloodshot: she made a frightened courtesy to me as I stood, the papers crumpled up in one hand, and the poker in the other.—"Peggy, oh, Peggy! where is your young mistress?"

"Save us, your honour! Ye are na weel; sall I fetch you a drap cordial?"

"Your mistress! your mistress! where is your young mistress?"

"Oh, sir, dear! take anither posset, and gang to your bed."

"To the devil I pitch your posset! where is your young mistress? where is Madeline O'More?"

She turned to escape. I leaped forward, and caught her by the shoulder—"Since ye maun ken, then," she screamed, "by God's providence, she's on the saut water wi' the Square, her father"—I sank back upon the sofa. "Wha," she continued in a soothing strain, "has left me to take charge o' your honour's head till ye can gang your lane: A' the ithers are awa, but wee Jeanie and mysell; and ye wadna, surely your honour wadna gang to frichten twa lane weemen, by dwamin' awa that gait, and deein' amang their hands? But save us, if there's no auld Knowehead himsell, wi' that bauld sorner, Aleck Lawther, on a sheltie at his heels trottin' doon the causey!—Jeanie, hai, Jeanie, rin and open the yett."

I lay back—sick—sick—sick. The old man, booted and spurred, strode in—

"I'm thinkin', Willie, ye hae catched a cloured head?"

"If I do not catch a strait-waistcoat, sir, it will be the less matter."

"Willie, man," ssid he, without noticing my comment, "she's weel awa,and you are weel redd—but toss off thae wylie-coats and nightcaps, and lap yoursell up in mensefu' braidclaith; for, donsie as you are, you maun come alang wi' me to Knowehead—there's a troop o' dragoons e'en now on Skyloe side, wi' your creditable namesake at their head, and they'll herry Moyabel frae hearth-stane to riggin' before sax hours are gane—best keep frae under a lowin' king-post, and on the outside o' the four wa's o' a prevost.—You're no fit to ride, man; and you couldna thole the joltin' o' a wheel-car—but never fear, we'll slip you hame upon a feather bed—Nae denial, Willie—here, draw on your coat: now, that's somethin' purpose-like—cram thae flim-flams into a poke, my bonny Jean, and fetch me a handkerchief to tie about his head: Come, Willie, take my arm—come awa, come awa."

I was passive in his hands, for I felt as weak as an infant. They wrapped me up in great-coats and blankets, and supported me to the courtyard. I had hardly strength to speak to Aleck, whom I now saw for the first time since the night of his disaster; the poor fellow's face still bore the livid marks of his punishment, but he was active and assiduous as ever. A slide car or slipe—a vehicle something like a Lapland sledge—was covered with bedding in the middle of the square: a cart was just being hurried off, full of loose furniture, with Peggy and Jenny in front. I was placed upon my hurdle, apparently as little for this world as if Tyburn had been its destination. Knowehead and Aleck mounted their horses; took the reins of that which drew me at either side, and hauled me off at a smart trot along the smooth turf of the grass grown causeway. The motion was sliding and agreeable, except on one occasion, when we had to take a few perches of the highway in crossing the river; but when we struck off into the green horse-track again, and began to rise and sink upon the ridges of the broad lea, I could have compared my humble litter to the knight's horses, which felt like proud seas under them. From the sample I had had of that part of the country on the night of the flood, I had anticipated a "confused march forlorn, through bogs, caves, fens, lakes, dens, and shades of death," but was agreeably surprised to see the Lane-lap Moss a simple stripe along the water's edge, lying dark in the deepening twilight, a full furlong from our path, which, instead of weltering through the soaked and spongy flats that I had expected, wound dry and mossy up the gentle slope of a smooth green hill; so that, although the night closed in upon us ere half our journey was completed, we arrived at Knowehead without farther accident than one capsize, (the beauty of slipping consists in the impossibility of breaks down,) and so far from being the worse of my "sail," I felt actually stronger than on leaving the Grange; nevertheless I was put to bed, where I continued for a week.

Next day brought intelligence of the wrecking of Moyabel in the search for the rebel general and the sick Frenchman: Our measures had been so well taken, however, that no suspicion attached itself to Knowehead. I learned from Peggy, so soon as her lamentations subsided, that Mr. O'More was a south country gentleman, who had married her master's sister, and that Madeline was his only child; that this had been his first visit to the north since the death of his lady, which had taken place at her brother's house, but that Moyabel had long been the resort of his friends and emissaries. The old woman left Knowehead that night, and I learned no more: for Jenny (who remained with Miss Janet) had been so busy with her care of Aleck during his illness, and afterwards so unwell herself, that she knew nothing more than I.

(*To be continued.*)

DUELLING BY WHOLESALE.

The French have hit upon the happiest means hitherto devised—not to say the *only* one—of solving that most difficult and awkward of all the problems of social life, the question of duelling—that *pons asinorum*, to the foot of which the 'March of Intellect' has arrived, but can by no means get over. If Jeremy Bentham himself were to receive an open and purposed insult, we verily believe that he would demand 'satisfaction' for it. He would of course (in case of accidents) employ the few hours previous to 'going out' in writing an Essay, (to be published among his posthumous works) proving the utter illogical and obviously unjust nature of the act he was about to commit, but he would infallibly commit it nevertheless. It has been reserved for the French nation to knock this egregious folly on the head, of giving a man 'satisfaction' by blowing out his brains, or doing your best to that end. They have treated it by what the logicians call the *reductio ad absurdam*; and henceforth, if the practice of duelling be not ranked among other 'vulgar errors,' ridicule is not the test of truth.

The case is this:—A newspaper, entitled *The Tribune*, published some days ago, certain reflections on Marshal Lobau, commander of the Parisian National Guard—which reflections, being taken in dudgeon by the friends of that officer, they waited upon the editor of the Tribune in person, and put upon him certain verbal insults, which *he* replied to by merely offering 'satisfaction' to the injured party—General Lobau. This 'satisfaction,' however, was deemed by no means sufficiently satisfactory; and it was insisted that the obnoxious *litterateur* should run the gauntlet through the whole Paris Guard—'Pioneers and all' —that he should in fact fight the whole *etat major* of the National Guard,—*seriatim!* At first he objected to this mode of arrangement; a single gentleman, and he an author, against sixty-seven *militaires*, was awkward odds. His dilemma however has got wind, and now the affair stands thus:—a body of young men, equal in number to 'the sixty-seven,' have volunteered to become, for the nonce, 'assistant editors' of the Tribune, and under that amiable fiction, to fight the whole *etat major* above named! This series of Duels commenced on Thursday week, and is 'to be continued' at due intervals till further notice. The couple who went out on Thursday week, were the Editor 'in chief,' and General Jacqueminot, each attended by two 'temoins,' as they call them in France; and the parties exchanged shots twice without success. So that, the chief delinquent having thus escaped, the fury of the etat major has of course increased rather than subsided; and the other 'sixty-six' on either side are probably at this moment drawn up in battle array, at the Bois de Boulogne, with all Paris for *temoins* of the spectacle!

ALTRIVE TALES.

By the Ettrick Shepherd. The first volume containing Memoirs of the Author—Reminiscences of former days—and Three Tales. London, 1832. *Cochrane and Co.*

This is the first of the twelve volumes announced in the prospectus of the Waverley-shaped edition of a selection from the Shepherd's works, with new and original productions from his pen.

The sketch is of his *literary* life, and gives the story of all his bookselling and publishing affairs relating to the thirty volumes which he has sent to the press. There is great *naivete* in this history; and as a number of individuals are mentioned (some with praise, and others with censure) we fancy it will create what is called a sensation in the public.

Hogg's early efforts to become an author are as interesting as they are romantic. Even so late as 1810, after failing in a farming speculation, he says—

"Finding myself at length fairly run aground, I gave my creditors all that I had, or rather suffered them to take it, and came off and left them. I never asked any settlement, which would not have been refused me; and severely have I smarted for that neglect since. None of these matters had the least effect in depressing my spirits—I was generally rather most cheerful when most unfortunate. On returning again to Ettrick Forest, I found the countenances of all my friends altered; and even those whom I had loved, and trusted most, disowned me, and told me so to my face; but I laughed at and despised those persons, resolving to shew them, by and by, that they were in the wrong. Having appeared as a poet, and a speculative farmer besides, no one would now employ me as a shepherd. I even applied to some of my old masters, but they refused me, and for a whole winter I found myself without employment, and without money, in my native country; therefore, in February 1810, in utter desperation, I took my plaid about my shoulders, and marched away to Edinburgh, determined, since no better could be, to push my fortunes as a literary man. It is true, I had estimated my poetical talent high enough, but I had resolved to use it only as a staff, never as a crutch; and would have kept that resolve had I not been driven to the reverse. On going to Edinburgh, I found that my poetical talents were rated nearly as low there as my shepherd qualities were in Ettrick. It was in vain that I applied to newsmongers, booksellers, editors of magazines, &c. for employment. Any of these were willing enough to accept of my lucubrations, and give them publicity, but then there was no money going—not a farthing; and this suited me very ill."

The opening of the memoir is exceedingly characteristic of the man.

"I like (says he) to write about myself; in fact, there are few things which I like better; it is so delightful to call up old reminiscences. Often have I been laughed at for what an Edinburgh Editor styles my good-natured egotism, which is sometimes any thing but that; and I am aware that I shall be laughed at again. But I care not; for this *important* memoir now to be brought forward for the fourth time, at different periods of my life, I shall narrate with the same frankness as formerly; and in all, relating either to others or myself, speak fearlessly and unreservedly out."

We copy two or three other pieces, in the same anecdotical vein. In his eighteenth year, the Shepherd read the life of Wallace and the Gentle Shepherd; but he tells us—

"The truth is, I made exceedingly slow progress in reading them. The little reading that I had learned I had nearly lost, and the Scottish dialect quite confounded me; so that before I got to the end of a line, I had commonly lost the rhyme of the preceding one; and if I came to a triplet—a thing of which I had no conception—I commonly read to the foot of the page without perceiving that I had lost the rhyme altogether. I thought the author had been straitened for rhymes, and had just made a part of it do as well as he could without them. Thus, after I got through both works I found myself much in the same predicament with the man of Eskdalemuir, who had borrowed Bailey's Dictionary from his neighbor. On returning it, the lender asked him what he thought of it. 'I dinna ken, man,' replied he; 'I have read it all through, but canna say that I understand it; it is the most confused book that ever I saw in my life!'"

In Edinburgh, his first exploit was to set up a weekly paper called the Spy, which lasted a whole year.

"A great number were sold, and many hundreds delivered gratis; but one of Robertson's boys, a great rascal, had demanded the price in full for all that he was to have delivered gratis. They shewed him the imprint, that they were to be delivered gratis; 'So they are,' said he; 'I take nothing for the delivery; but I must have the price of the paper, if you please.' This money that the boy brought me, consisting of a few shillings and an immense number of halfpence was the first and only money I had pocketed of my own making since my arrival in Edinburgh in February."

He next became an orator at the Forum; and about this time negotiated the disposal of a MS. poem to Mr. Constable. "I went to him (he relates) and told him my plan of publication; but he received me coldly and told me to call again. I did so—when he said he would do nothing until he had seen the MS. I refused to give it, saying, 'What skill have you about the merits of a book?' 'It may be so, Hogg,' said he; 'but I know as well how to sell a book as any man, which should be some concern of yours; and I know how to buy one too.'"

Of this production, the *Queen's Wake*, he afterwards speaks thus:—"My own opinion of it is, that it is a very imperfect and unequal production; and if it were not for three of the ballads, which are rather of a redeeming quality, some of the rest are little better than trash. But, somehow or other, the plan proved extremely happy: and though it was contrived solely for the purpose of stringing my miscellaneous ballads into a regular poem, happened to have a good effect, from keeping always up a double interest, both in the incidents of each tale, and in the success of the singer in the contest for the prize harp. The intermediate poetry between the ballads is all likewise middling good."

"It was in vain that Mr. Blackwood urged that it was a work of genius, however faulty, and that it would be an honor for any bookseller to have his name to it. Mr. Murray had been informed, by those on whose judgment he could rely, that it was the most wretched poem that ever was written. Mr. Blackwood felt a delicacy in telling me this, and got a few friends to inform me of it in as delicate a way as possible. I could not, however, conceal my feelings, and maintained that the poem was a good one. Mr. Grieve checked me, by saying it was impossible that I could be a better judge than both the literary people of Scotland and England—that they could have no interest in condemning the poem; and after what had happened, it was vain to augur any good of it. I said it would be long ere any of those persons who had condemned it could write one like it; and I was obliged to please myself with this fancy, and put up with the affront."

As another trait of our worthy Shepherd, we will quote his first acquaintance with the drinking of whiskey-toddy, in the mixing of which he has since become so great a master as almost to have driven champagne and claret from the most fashionable tables he frequented during his Lion-days in London.

The *Spy* was doomed. "On the publication of the first two numbers, I deemed I had as many subscribers as, at all events, would secure the work from being dropped; but, on the publication of my third or fourth number, I have forgot which, it was so indecorous, that no fewer than seventy-three subscribers gave up. This was a sad blow for me; but, as usual, I despised the fastidiousness and affectation of the people, and continued my work. It proved a fatal oversight for the paper; for all those who had given in set themselves against it with the utmost inveteracy. The literary ladies, in particular, agreed, in full divan, that I would never write a sentence which deserved to be read. A reverend friend of mine has often repeated my remark on being told of this—'Gaping devils! wha cares what they say? If I leeve ony time, I'll let them see the contrair o' that.' My publisher, James Robertson, was a kind-hearted, confused body, who loved a joke and a dram. He sent for me every day about one o'clock, to consult about the publication; and then we uniformly went down to a dark house in the Cowgate, where we drank whiskey and ate rolls with a number of printers, the dirtiest and leanest looking men I had ever seen. My youthful habits having been so regular, I could not stand this; and though I took care, as I thought, to drink very little, yet, when I went out, I was at times so dizzy, I could scarcely walk; and the worst thing of all was, I felt that I was beginning to relish it. Whenever a man thinks seriously of a thing, he generally thinks aright. I thought frequently of these habits and connexions, and found that they never would do; and that, instead of pushing myself forward, as I wished, I was going straight to the devil. I said nothing about this to my respectable acquaintances, nor do I know if they ever knew or suspected what was going on; but, on some pretence or other, I resolved to cut all connexion with Robertson, and sorely against his will, gave the printing to the Messrs Aikman." Match our Shepherd now, for the brewing or the drinking either, and we will pay the forfeit of a whole hogshead.

Our selections must belong to the personals. Mr. Jeffrey, it seems, did not review the *Queen's Wake* till it had reached a third edition. "He then gave a very judicious and sensible review of it; but he committed a most horrible blunder, in classing Mr. Tenant the author of *Anster Fair*, and me together, as two self-taught geniuses; whereas there was not one point of resemblance. Tenant being a better-educated man than the reviewer himself, was not a little affronted at being classed with me. From that day to this Mr. Jeffrey has taken no notice of any thing that I have published, which I think can hardly be expected to do him any honor at the long run. I should like the worst poem that I have since published to stand a fair comparison with some that he has strained himself to bring forward. It is a pity that any literary connexion, which with the one party might be unavoidable, should ever prejudice one valued friend and acquaintance against another. In the heart-burnings of party spirit, the failings of great minds are more exposed than in all other things in the world put together.

At a later date he remarks:—"My next literary adventure was the most extravagant of any. I took it into my head that I would collect a poem from every living author in Britain, and publish them in a neat and elegant volume, by which I calculated I might make my fortune. I either applied personally, or by letter, to Southey, Wilson, Wordsworth, Lloyd, Morehead, Pringle, Paterson, and several others; all of whom sent me very ingenious and beautiful poems. Wordsworth afterwards reclaimed his: and although Lord Byron and Rogers promised, neither of them performed. I believe they intended it, but some other concerns of deeper moment interfered. In one of Lord Byron's letters, he told me he was busy inditing a poem for me, and assured me 'he would appear in my work in his best breeks.' That poem was 'Lara,' and who it was that influenced him to detain it from me, I do not know. I have heard a report of one: but the deed was so ungenerous, I cannot believe it. I may here mention, by way of advertising, that I have lost all Lord Byron's letters to me, on which I put a very high value; and which I know to have been stolen from me by some one or other of my tourist visiters, for I was so proud of these letters, that I would always be showing them to everybody. It was exceedingly unkind, particularly as they can be of use to any other person, for they have been so often and so eagerly read by many of my friends, that any single sentence out of any one of them, could easily be detected. I had five letters of his of two sheets each, and one of three. They were indeed queer *harum-scarum letters*, about women and poetry, mountains and authors, and blue-stockings; and what he sat down to write about was generally put in the postscript. They were all, however, extremely kind, save one, which was rather a satirical, bitter letter. I had been quizzing him about his approaching marriage, and assuring him that he was going to get himself into a confounded scrape. I wished she might prove both a good *mill* and a *bank* to him; but I much doubted they would not be such as he was calculating on. I think he felt that I was using too much freedom with him. The last letter that I received from him was shortly after the birth of his daughter Ada. In it he breathed the most tender affection both for the mother and child. Good Heaven! how I was astounded by the news that soon followed that!—Peace be to his manes! He was a great man; and I do not think that one on earth appreciated his gigantic genius so highly as I did. He sent me, previous to this period, all his poems as they were printed. But to return to my publication: Mr. Walter Scott absolutely refused to furnish me with even one verse, which I took exceedingly ill, as it frustrated my whole plan. What occasioned it I do not know, as I accounted myself certain of his support from the beginning, and had never asked any thing of him in all my life that he refused. It was in vain that I represented that I had done as much for him, and would do ten times more if he required it. He remained firm in his denial, which I thought very hard; so I left him in high dudgeon, sent him a very abusive letter, and would not speak to him again for many a day. I could not even endure to see him at a distance, I felt so degraded by the refusal; and I was, at that time, more disgusted with all mankind than I had ever been before, or have ever been since."

"I was a grieved as well as an astonished man, when I found that he refused all participation in my beverage of rum punch. For a poet to refuse his glass, was to me a phenomenon; and I confess I doubted in my own mind, and doubt to this day, if perfect sobriety and transcendant poetical genius can exist together. In Scotland I am sure they cannot. With regard to the English, I shall leave them to settle that among themselves, as they have little that is worth drinking.

* * * Both his figure and countenance are imposing, and deep thought is strongly marked in his dark eye; but there is a defect in his eyelids, for these he has no power of raising; so that, when he looks up, he turns up his face, being unable to raise his eyes; and when he looks towards the top of one of his romantic mountains, one would think he was looking at the zenith. This peculiarity is what will most strike every stranger in the appearance of the accomplished laureate. He does not at all see well at a distance, which made me several times disposed to get into a passion with him, because he did not admire the scenes which I was pointing out."

"When (says Hogg) it is considered what literary celebrity Lockhart has gained so early in life, and how warm and disinterested a friend he has been to me, it argues but little for my sagacity that I scarcely recollect any thing of our first encounters. He was a mischievous Oxford puppy, for whom I was terrified, dancing after the young ladies, and drawing caricatures of every one who came in contact with him. But then I found him constantly in company with all the better rank of people with whom I associated, and consequently it was impossible for me not to meet with him. I dreaded his eye terribly; and it was not without reason, for he was very fond of playing tricks on me, but always in such a way, that it was impossible to lose temper with him. I never parted company with him that my judgment was not entirely jumbled with regard to characters, books, and literary articles of every description. Even his household economy seemed clouded in mystery; and if I got any explanation, it was sure not to be the right thing. It may be guessed how astonished I was one day, on perceiving six black servants waiting at his table upon six white gentlemen! Such a train of Blackamoors being beyond my comprehension, I asked for an explanation; but got none, save that he found them very useful and obliging poor fellows, and that they did not look for much wages, beyond a mouthful of meat. A young lady hearing me afterwards making a fuss about such a phenomenon, and swearing that the Blackamoors would break my young friend, she assured that Mr. Lockhart had only *one* black servant, but that when the master gave a dinner to his friends, the servant, knowing there would be enough and to spare, for all, invited his friends also. Lockhart always kept a good table, and a capital stock of liquor, especially Jamaica rum, and by degrees I grew not so frightened to visit him."

When he wished to ascertain who the writers in the magazine were, Lockhart was wont to bamboozle him sadly.

"With his cigar in his mouth, his one leg flung carelessly over the other, and without the symptom of a smile on his face, or one twinkle of mischief in his dark grey eye, he would father the articles on his brother, Captain Lockhart, or Peter Robertson, or Sheriff Cay, or Jas. Wilson, or that queer fat body, Dr. Scott; and sometimes on James and John Ballantyne and Sam Anderson, and poor Baxter. Then away I flew with the wonderful news to my other associates; and if any remained incredulous, I swore the facts down through them; so that before I left Edinburgh I was accounted the greatest liar that was in it, except one."

The following remarks on the Shepherd's notions respecting Punch and Teddy are contained in the last number of the Atlas.

"Inspiring, bold John Barleycorn" seems to have as effectually ingratiated himself with the Ettrick Shepherd as he did with his eulogist whom we quote above. Hogg has clearly shown his ambition to rank with Burns, and has been quite successful in this becoming emulation for poetic fame. But when he seeks to draw distinction from the accidental circumstance of having a birth day of the same date with his exemplar, and of having first attempted verse on the year that Burns died—and worse still, endeavors to gain applause for skill in compounding rum-punch—and gives out as a maxim that "perfect sobriety and transcendent poetical genius cannot exist together," he will only be listened to with the poor apology for such weaknesses, that he might have committed them under the muddling influence of the beverage so unjustly lauded. If it were not too much a waste of time to attempt a refutation of the doctrine he has laid down, we would ask whether Milton (whom we have been accustomed to regard as gifted with "transcendent poetical genius") was not a man of sobriety*—whether Virgil, no less distinguished in his age, was not remarkable for his temperate and abstemious life; and where is it recorded that Homer, the illustrious father of epic poetry, debased himself by intoxication? No, he left that unblessed notoriety to such as were seduced by the sensual blandishments of Circe; and he has registered the true value of the enchanter's cup in the swinish transformations produced by that skilful mingler of potations.

Byron, it is true, affords an instance of fine poetic genius in an individual who at times sought the effects of the Pierian spring in the more accessible fluids of the Gin shop; and most glaringly are the distorted and incongruous images which his distempered brain reflected under their operation exhibited in some of his writings. But that his best and most admired productions were penned when he was subject to the power of the inebriating draught, we do not believe that any of his friends—the author of the Queen's Wake included—or even Byron himself would admit.

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* It is worthy of notice that one of his biographers used these very words respecting him: "Strong liquors of all kinds were his aversion." What say you to this, Mr. Shepherd?

Longevity.—Died, recently, in the Philadelphia Alms House, Christian Menzes, at the advanced age of 112 years, a native of Strathspey, Invernesshire, Scotland. She had been an inmate of the house since 1817, and was enabled to walk until last November. She retained her faculties till the last. She had been the mother of a large family and outlived them all.

MARRIED,

In this city, on the 17th, Edward A. Graves, of the house of J. Boonen Graves & Sons, to Mary Anne, daughter of the late Thomas Addis Emmet.

On the 15th, Jesse Read, to Miss Nancy P. daughter of Deacon Jonas Parker, of Pepperell.

On the 17th, Leonard S. Carpenter, of Orange county, to Miss Eliza D. Purdy.

On the 16th, Caleb Woodruff, to Eleanor M. daughter of Stephen Allen, Esq.

On the 19th, John Bartholomew Sue, to Ann Maria, daughter of the late Thomas Smith, Esq.

At Washington City, Dr. Joseph M. Wood, of Auburn, N.Y. to Miss Adeline Van Rensselaer, daughter of L. L. Van Kleeck, Esq.

At Washington City, Hon. George Poindexter, U. S. Senator from Mississippi, to Miss Ann Hewes, daughter of Samuel Hewes, Esq. of Boston.

At Canandaigua, George W. Clinton, Esq. to Laura Catharine, daughter of the Hon. John C. Spencer.

At Bath, Steuben co. Lazarus Hammond, Esq. of Hammondsport, to Miss Mary Prentice.

At New Brunswick, N. J. George P. Molleson, Esq. counsellor at law, to Miss Susan J. Holcomb, daughter of Samuel Holcomb, Esq.

DIED,

In this city, on the 15th, Andrew Hamilton, a native of Scotland, aged 31.

On the 16th, Gilbert A. Gamage, Esq. aged 44, known as the author of many poetical effusions of a high order, which have appeared under the signature of "Montgarnier," during several years past, in the various periodicals of the country.

At Philadelphia, Mrs. Ann Dewolf Tyng, wife of the Rev. Stephen H. Tyng, aged 27.

At Augusta, Ga. the Rev. James Graham, of Beaufort, S.C. aged 49.

At Schuyler, near Utica, John Graham, Esq. aged 76, formerly of Westchester co. and lately of Albany. He served in the revolutionary war, as volunteer aid de camp to the late (Vice President) George Clinton, and was for a time attached to the staff of Washington.

At Norwalk, Ct. Ann, wife of the Rev. Jackson Kemper, aged 28.

At Baltimore, Rev. Michael F. Wheeler, late Professor of Chemistry in St. Mary's College, aged 36.

At Burlington, Vt. Mary H. Adams, aged 33, wife of Charles Adams, Esq.

At Liverpool, Robert Walton, commander of the ship Dalhousie Castle, aged 35.

INCORRUPTIBLE TEETH.

THE celebrity of the "Imitation Human Incorruptible Teeth" is so universal, and the peculiar advantages which they possess, together with their decidedly eminent superiority over all other kinds of artificial teeth, is so generally known and acknowledged, that a minute description of their merits and excellencies, by way of advertisement, would be deemed altogether superfluous. To those, however, who are not perfectly familiar with the various kinds and qualities of the materials used as substitutes for the original teeth, it may be well to observe, that the "Imitation Human Incorruptible Teeth," unlike teeth formed of animal substances, never change in any length of time their colour; neither will they in the smallest degree decay or decompose by the combined action of the atmosphere and saliva or juices of the mouth; consequently they are worn with ease and pleasure by those who use them—preserving the natural form of the mouth; restoring the articulation, and renewing the pleasures of mastication; never producing a disagreeable or disgusting taste, and preserving the breath always and at all times sweet and uncontaminated. The subscriber has constantly on hand an elegant assortment of these beautiful teeth, which he will be happy to insert for those who need them, either singly or more, to a full and entire set, if wanting; and in the subscriber's manner of setting them, they are adapted with ease to *all cases*, how difficult soever they may have been deemed.

All operations on the mouth and teeth, such as separating, evening, regulating, cleaning, plugging, or stopping, extracting, &c. &c. appertaining to the profession of Surgeon Dentist, performed with ease and scientific practice. JOHN BURDELL, Surgeon Dentist.

303 Broadway, cornerr of Duane st. N.Y.

may 26. ☞ Entrance in Duane st.

FINE

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GREAT ASSORTMENT—170 KINDS—

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N.B. Booksellers and Dealers, who desire *good* articles for retailing, will find it *their* interest to call and examine the *quality* and prices of the above.

At Retail, a most beautiful assortment of Ladies' and Gentlemen's STEEL-TRIMM'D CARD CASES, Pocket Books, &c. at *very* reasonable prices, worthy the attention of *those* who desire a *neat* and *good* article. jan.21.

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BOOKSELLERS, Stationers, and dealers in manufactured Quills, are informed that the proprietor, having made permanent arrangements with some of the most extensive dealers in the rough material in Germany, for a periodical supply, his establishment will at all times have the best assortment of any other on this side of the Atlantic. Having reduced the article to a scale of prices below what they can be imported at in the dressed state, it is hoped that domestic manufacture may have the preference, as nothing that art can do shall be neglected to have the workmanship superior to any produced here from a foreign market; which, no doubt, the *trade* will admit. The terms by which the different dressings are known, are—1st, double Dutched; 2d, pale and yellow clarified; 3d, fluted opaque; and 4th, embossed Jackson Quills. The two latter are peculiarly the invention of the proprietor, and have given, for the certain use, universal satisfaction.

mar 8 P. BYRNE.

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The following persons will also receive subscriptions; and all Postmasters not enumerated in this list, to whom it may be agreeable, are requested to do so, and retain *ten per cent* of the monies paid them, as a remuneration for their trouble:—C. Livingston, Hudson; Postmaster, Catskill; Tracy & Doolittle, Albany; Clarke & Hosford, Troy; J. H. Van Eps, Schenectady; A. A. McLean, Utica; J. W. Barge, Cazenovia; L. L. Morse, Canandaigua; Postmaster, Poughkeepsie; Edward Sims, Chenango; N. Williams, Manlius; A. Abbott, Syracuse; Dep. Postmaster, Auburn; A. B. Clark, Ithaca; C. Davis, Ludlowville; L. Ewer, Aurora; Herman Camp, Trumansburgh; A. Gibbs, Ovid; C. A. Rose, Geneva; S. Clark, Waterloo; J. S. Tawn, Lyons; G. W. Dunn, Clyde; D. Hill, Holly; M.W. Wilcox, Palmyra; Jas. Banks, Newark; A.E. Campbell, Pittsford; B. A. Root, Brockport; Dep. Postmaster, Buffalo; Postmasters Lewiston, and Youngstown—state of New York; Jonathan Coffee, Coffee House, Philadelphia; S. J. Sylvester, Pittsburgh, Pa.; Wm. Porter, 44 South-street, Baltimore; Garret Anderson, Washington City; Postmaster, Alexandria; J. Baker, Fortress Monroe, Va.; C. Hall, Norfolk; Postmasters, Richmond and Petersburg, Va.; Postmasters, Fayetteville and Wilmington, N.C.; Postmasters and Booksellers, Charleston, Columbia, and Camden, S.C.; Richards & Gonald, Augusta, Geo.; Postmasters, Milledgeville, Clinton, Macon, and Columbus, Geo.; Postmasters, Montgomery, Selma, and Claiborne, Ala.; Odiorne & Smith, Mobile; E. Johns & Co., New Orleans; Postmasters, Plaquemine and Baton Rouge, La.; Natchez & Vicksburg, Miss.; Louisville, Ky.; A. Kennedy, Lexington, Ky.; O. F. Dox, Painesville, Ohio; Postmaster, Detroit, Michigan Ter.; John Punchard, Boston; H. H. West, Lowell, Mass.; John Holkom, Postmaster, Robbinstown; Hiram Favor, Eastport, Maine; C. S. Young, St. John, N.B.; Hy. B. Allison, Miramichi, N.B.; Dr. Joseph Prescott, Halifax, N.S.; Hy. Thompson, Exchange, Quebec; Hy. Hubeck, Reading Room, Montreal, L.C.; Hy. Jones, Postmaster, Brockville; D. Prentiss, Kingston; J. S. Howard, Postmaster, York, U.C.; Ambrose Gosling, *Hamilton*; Anthony Atwood, *St. George's*; John A. M. Gilbert, *Ireland Island*, Bermuda; L. Battle, Bassin, St Croix; Davis & Latimer, St. Thomas.

MAELZEL'S EXHIBITION

OF THE CONFLAGRATION OF MOSCOW, AUTOMATON CHESS-PLAYER, &c.,

AT the Masonic Hall, Broadway. Performance every evening, to commence at 8 o'clock. Doors open at 7 o'clock. Admittance 50 cents. Children half price. The two front benches are exclusively appropriated for children. Tickets may be had during the day at the Exhibition Hall, or at the door in the evening.

may 23-ci

MERCHANTS' HOTEL, No. 108 Broad street, including the block between Pearl and Water-sts., New-York. *Henry Thurston* and *Alexander P. Fonda*, late of Troy, respectfully announce to their friends and the public, that they have become the lessees of the suit of buildings on Broad-street, composing the establishment of the Merchants' Hotel, recently occupied by O. H. Williston, and opened the same for the reception of company.

The establishment is already distinguished as one of the most spacious, airy, agreeable and convenient houses in the city—its location in the immediate vicinity of both business and pleasure, being within a few minutes' walk of the Exchange or Wall-street, and of the principal business houses on Pearl, Water and Front streets—of the East River, the Battery, Bowling-Green, and Broadway. The proprietors flatter themselves to make it desirable, independent of the many suits of rooms for private families, and are determined to devote their entire personal attention to the desires and the comforts of their patrons.

May 7. 1832. THURSTON & FONDA.

E. WHITE AND WILLIAM HAGAR, respectfully inform the Printers of the United States, to whom they have long been individually known as established Letter Founders, that they have now formed a co partnership in said business, and hope from their united skill, and extensive experience, to be able to give full satisfaction to all who may favour them with orders.

The introduction of machinery, in place of the tedious and unhealthy process of casting type by hand, long a desideratum by the European and American Founders, was, by American ingenuity, and a heavy expenditure of time and money on the part of our senior partner, first successfully accomplished. Extensive use of the machine cast letter, has fully tested and established its superiority in every particular, over that cast by the old process.

The Letter Foundry business will hereafter be carried on by the parties before named, under the firm of *White, Hagar & Co.* Their specimen exhibits a complete series from Diamond to 14 lines Pica. The book and news type being in the most modern light and style.

White, Hagar & Co. are agents for the sale of the Smith and Rust Printing Presses, which they can furnish to their customers at the manufacturers' prices. Chases, Cases, Composing Sticks, Ink, and every article used in the Printing business, kept on sale, and furnished on short notice. Old Type taken in exchange for new at 9 cents per pound.

N B. Newspaper Proprietors who give the above three insertions, will be entitled to Five Dollars in such articles as they may select from our specimen. E. WHITE,

May 16. ac6t. WM. HAGAR.

SYLVESTER, 130 Broadway, N. Y.—Official drawing of the N.Y. Lottery, Reg Class No. 16 for 1832, drawn May 23.— 48 3 18 25 13 7 59 17 35.

Take notice that I am licensed by the several States to vend tickets in all lotteries under the management of Yates & McIntyre, to whom I beg to refer those unacquainted with me. All orders by mail meet same attention as on personal application, if addressed to S. J. Sylvester, New York.

The following brilliant schemes will next be drawn:

May 30—Class 17, $20,000, 10,000, 5,000, 136 of 1000, &c. ..$10

Tickets and shares in the above for sale in every variety. No connexion with any other person in New York.

S. J. SYLVESTER, 130 Broadway, N.Y.
Baltimore, Md. and
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N.B. That valuable paper, the *Reporter*, enlarged, is published as usual, and sent gratis to all who deal with Sylvester.

NOVA SCOTIA COALS.—Sydney and Albion, or Pictou Coals, of the best description, direct from the Mines, for sale at the Coal Yard in Hubert-street, between Washington and Greenwich-streets; at the Yard at Brooklyn, foot of Adams-st.; and at the office of the subscriber—either by the cargo, or in quantities to suit purchasers. Also, *Coke* of superior quality, for heating iron or brass, and likewise well adapted for the uses of kitchens. The prices are as follow:—From the vessel—Sydney Coals, $9 50 per chaldron of 36 bushels (1 and 1-5th ton); Pictou Coals, $9 per chaldron. From the yards—Sydney Coals, coarse, $11 50 per chaldron; do. mixed, $10 50 per do; do. screenings, $7 per do; Pictou Coals, $10 50 per do; and Coke $11 50 per do.

Orders left with the following persons will receive prompt attention:—Laing & Randolph, c. of Murray and Washington-sts.; John H. Bostwick, corner of West and Clarkson-streets; Jacob Southart, 263 Washington-street; Thomas Eddy, corner of Catherine and Madison-streets; Walter M. Franklin, 6 Merchants' Exchange; Elijah Secor, 417 Broadway; R. N. Waite, 172 Broadway; Nathan Newton, 15 Fulton street; G. W. Waite, Fulton street, Brooklyn.

Oct 22 RUPERT J. COCHRAN, 27 Broad-st.

LIVERPOOL AND N. YORK PACKETS.

Intended to sail,

1st, 10th, and 20th, of March, April, May and June.
1st and 15th of July, August, Sept. and Oct.
1st of Nov. Dec. January and February.

Rates of passage.

Cabin, $100; second cabin, $50; steerage, $25, including provisions and every thing necessary for the comfort and convenience of the passengers.

For passage either to or from Liverpool apply to

E. MACOMBER, 161 Maiden lane,

may 9. c&i. near South st. N.York.

HUDSON & NEW YORK STEAM TRANSPORTATION LINE FOR 1832.

Hudson Tow-boat Co.'s Barge No. 1 (Capt. Peter G. Coffin), and Barge No. 2 (Capt. John T. Haviland), will leave Hudson and New York alternately through the season, on the following days:

From Hudson—Fridays at 4 o'clock P.M., from their wharf south of the ferry.

From New York—Saturdays at 6 P.M. from the east side Coenties slip, corner of South street.

To be towed by the steamboat LEGISLATOR, Captain J. B. Coffin—for freight and passengers.

The steamboat Legislator will make one trip in each week without her barges, for light freight and passengers, viz.: From Hudson, Tuesdays at 10 o'clock, A.M.; and from New York, Wednesdays at 6 P.M.

Towing will be taken by the Legislator if required.

The barges will at all times be open for the accommodation of boarders in New York.

ap. 25. JOHN POWER, Agent.

FOR BULL'S FERRY AND FORT LEE.

Fare, 12½ cents.

The low pressure steamboat *John Jay*, Capt. L. Wandel, will leave foot of Canal street every day, touching at the State Prison wharf, in front of W. Fosdick's store, where a regular office has been established, on and after the 1st of May until further notice, in the following order, viz.

Sundays—Leave Fort Lee at 5 o'clock A.M., 9½ A.M., 1 P.M., and 6 P.M. Leave Bull's Ferry at 5½ A.M., 10 A.M., 1½ P.M., and 6½ P.M. Leave Canal st. at 7½ A.M., 11 A.M. P.M., and 7½ P.M.

Other days—Leave Fort Lee at 4 o'clock A.M., 8½ A.M., 1 P.M., and 5 P.M. Leave Bull's Ferry at 4½ A.M., 9 A.M., 1½ P.M., and 5½ P.M. Leave Canal st. at 6½ A.M. 10½ A.M., 3 P.M., and 6½ P.M.

Horses, Cattle, Market Produce, and all articles of freight taken at the lowest rates.

STAGES will be in readiness to convey passengers to Hackensack, Paterson, or any place on the public roads leading from the landings. In the immediate vicinity of Fort Lee a pleasant and commodious establishment has been prepared for target excursions, which is well worth the attention of our different military companies. Apply on board, foot of Canal-street, or at the store of Benjamin Mott, 311 Spring street, opposite Clinton market, or Washington Fosdicks, West street, one door north of Amos. may 9. c&i.

SAMUEL KENNEDY,

CARVER, GILDER, and LOOKING GLASS MANUFACTURER, respectfully acquaints his friends and the public that in order the better to facilitate the various branches of his profession, he has removed from No. 20 Hudson street, to No. 5 Fourth street, between 6th Avenue and Washington Square, where every exertion is made to merit a share of public patronage, by excellence of work, moderation of prices, and punctuality in the execution of all orders he may be favoured with, wholesale and retail.

Pier, mantle, and toilet looking-glasses; carved and gilt brackets; curtain and other ornaments; picture, needle work, and print frames; gilt mouldings in lengths, &c., all of the newest patterns, are constantly manufacturing. Old looking-glasses new silvered, framed, or taken in exchange. Old frames and ornaments re-gilt or repaired. Prints and paintings cleaned, stained and varnished. Picture-glass and looking-glass plates fitted to frames. Carved and gilt curtain ornaments made to any fancy, either from drawings or description in writing. ☞ All orders promptly and correctly executed for cash. may 16. ci.

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No. 12 Fourth st.

Between Sixth Avenue and Washington square.

THE proprietor of this *Bath*, encouraged by his numerous and increasing patrons, has at a very great expense built a more commodious bathing house, adjoining his former one, and which is now open, and fitted up with every convenience for *Gentlemen exclusively*. The former bathing house is reserved for the use of *Ladies only;* to which there is a separate and distinct entrance, and to whom every accommodation and attendance will be afforded.

He has also added two separate rooms in front, which he intends to keep supplied with a variety of refections, newspapers, &c. and no attention will be wanting to make this concern equal, if not superior, to any similar establishment "down town," while the well known salubrity of the village air, and the especial purity and softness of its water, cannot but recommend it to all those who would enjoy the luxury, and the health preserving virtues of the bath.

Single tickets, 25 cents; five tickets, $1; fifteen tickets, $2 50; thirty-five tickets, $5; and eighty tickets, $10. may 9. c&i

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WRITING AND DRESSING CASE MANUFACTORY.

R. TANNER No. 46 and 48 Nassau st. has for sale a large assortment of Writing and Dressing Cases.

Fancy Morocco Goods made to order.

ALL OPERATIONS ON THE TEETH

PERFORMED on the most modern, improved, scientific principles, with the least possible pain, and correct professional skill. Gangrene of the teeth removed, and the decaying teeth rendered artificially sound, by stopping with gold, platinum, vegetable paste, metallic paste, silver or tin. Teeth nicely cleaned of salivary calculus, (*tartar*,) hence removing that peculiarly disgusting fetor of the breath. Irregularities in children's teeth prevented, in adults remedied. Teeth extracted with the utmost care and safety, and old stumps, fangs or roots remaining in the sockets, causing ulcers, gum biles, alveolar abscesses, and consequently an unpleasant breath, removed with nicety and ease.

Patent Aromatic Paste Dentrifice, for cleansing, beautifying, and preserving the teeth.

Imperial Compound Chlorine Balsamic Lotion, for hardening, strengthening, restoring, and renovating the gums.

CURE FOR TOOTH-ACHE.

Thomas White's Vegetable Tooth-Ache Drops, the only Specific ever offered to the public, from which a radical and permanent cure may be obtained, of that disagreeable, tormenting, excruciating pain, the Tooth-Ache.

The original certificate of the Patentee, from which the following extracts are taken, may be seen at the subscriber's Office, No. 5 Chambers-street, New York.

"The subscriber would respectfully inform the public, that he has communicated a knowledge of the ingredients of which his celebrated Tooth-Ache Drops are pharmaceutically and chemically compounded, to Dr. Jonathan Dodge, Surgeon Dentist, No. 5 Chambers-street, who will always have a supply of the genuine article on hand, of the subscriber's own preparing. And the subscriber most cordially and earnestly recommends to any and every person afflicted with diseased teeth, or suffering the excruciating torments of the tooth-ache, to call as above and have the disease eradicated, and the pain forever and entirely removed. This medicine not only cures the tooth-ache, but also arrests the progress of decay in teeth, and where teeth are diseased and decaying, and so extremely sensitive to the touch as not to bear the necessary pressure for stopping or filling, by (say a few days) previous application of this medicine, the teeth may be plugged in the firmest manner, and without pain. As to the cure of the tooth-ache there ever have been and ever will be, sceptics; but to the suffering patient, even one application of this medicine will often give entire relief, as thousands of living witnesses can now testify, and where the medicine is carefully and properly applied, it is believed it will never fail of its intended effect. In conclusion, the subscriber assures the public, that White's Vegetable Tooth-Ache Drops, prepared by himself, Thomas White, the Patentee, can, at all times, in any quantity, be obtained in its utmost purity, of Dr. Jonathan Dodge, Surgeon Dentist, No. 5 Chambers-street, New-York. THOMAS WHITE, Patentee of Thomas White's Vegetable Tooth-Ache Drops."

"New-York, 8th mo. 24th, 1830."

Recommendations at length cannot be expected in the confined limits of a circular; it must therefore suffice to observe, that these drops receive the decided and unqualified approbation of the medical faculty, of eminent scientific individuals, of the public at large; of the *savans* of Europe, among whom may be mentioned Sir Astley Cooper, Professor Bell, Dr. Parr, and many of the nobility of London and Paris.

The subscriber, in his practice as a Dental Surgeon, having extensively used in the cure of the Tooth-Ache, Thomas White's "Vegetable Tooth-Ache Drops," and with decided success, he can recommend it, when genuine, as superior to any other remedy now before the public: If obtained of the subscriber and applied according to the accompanying "Directions for using," *a cure is guarantied.* JONATHAN DODGE,

No. 5 Chambers-street, N. Y.

L. I. COHEN,

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